

ONTARIO HIGH SCHOOL READER



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THE ONTARIO HIGH SCHOOL READER

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PREFACE

After communication with many of the teachers who have been using the Principles and Practice of Oral Reading in their classes, the author has made a number of important additions and changes. In its amended form the book is published under the title of the "Ontario High School Reader."

As the book is intended for the teaching of oral reading it contains an introductory chapter on the Principles of Reading, and selections for practice, with appended notes. An effort has also been made to grade the selections in the order of their difficulty. Accordingly, a number of selections, each illustrating in a marked degree only one, or at most two, of the various elements of Vocal Expression, has been placed at the beginning; these should, of course, be taught before the more complex selections are attempted.

It is not intended that the pupil shall master the chapter on the principles before beginning to read the selections; he should become familiar with each topic as it is illustrated in the lesson. In dealing with each lesson the teacher should first ascertain the elements of vocal expression that it best exemplifies. He should then discuss these elements with the pupils, using the necessary paragraphs of the Introduction, and such black-board exercises as he may deem necessary, until he is satisfied that the pupils are ready to undertake the study of the selection. At the oral reading the pupils should be able to show their mastery of the principles thus taught. Towards the close of the course, they will naturally read connectedly the various sections of the Introduction, in order to obtain a comprehensive and systematic view of the principles.

To secure good reading, systematic drill on the exercises in Vowel Sounds and in Articulation is also necessary.

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PRINCIPLES OF READING

Importance of Oral Reading

There are several reasons why every boy or girl should strive to become a good reader. In the first place, good oral reading is an accomplishment in itself. It affords a great deal of pleasure to others as well as to ourselves. In the second place, it improves our everyday speech and is also a preparation for public speaking; for the one who reads with distinctness and an accent of refinement is likely to speak in the same way, whether in private conversation or on the public platform. Moreover, it is only one step from reading aloud before the class to recitation, and another step from recitation to public speaking. Lastly, oral reading is the best method of bringing out and conveying to others and to oneself all that a piece of literature expresses. For example, the voice is needed to bring out the musical effects of poetry. The following lines will illustrate this point:

But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

Here the music of the rhythm and the harmony between sound and sense would be almost entirely lost in silent reading.

The voice, too, is often the surest and most effective means of conveying differences of meaning and feeling in both prose and poetry. The following words from *Hervé Riel* (pp. 241-247) may be made to convey different meanings according to the intonation of the voice:

Burn the fleet and ruin France?

This may be read to express hesitation and deliberation, or, as is the evident intention, shewn by the context as well as by the punctuation, to express Hervé Riel's surprise and indignation that such a thought should be entertained.

Mechanical Side of Oral Reading

Now in what does oral reading consist? It consists, first of all, in recognizing the words, pronouncing them correctly, and articulating them distinctly. The pupil in the First Book, who is learning to read, is trying to master this side of reading, which is the mechanical side. He cannot be too careful as to the habits of speech he forms; for correct position of the organs of speech and proper control of the breath make for correct pronunciation and distinct articulation, which are two of the foundation stones of good reading.

By **correct pronunciation**, we mean the pronunciation approved by a standard dictionary. Elegance and refinement of speech depend largely on the correct pronunciation of the vowel sounds. The vowel *a*, which is sounded in seven different ways in the English language, presents the greatest difficulty. Many people recognize at most, only the sound of *a* in *at*, *ate*, *all*, *far*, and *mortal* respectively. They ignore the sound as in *air*, and the shorter quantity of the Italian *a* in *ask*, giving the sound of *a* in *ate* to the former and of *a* in *at* or *a* in *all* or *a* in *far* to the latter. Another difficulty is that of distinguishing the sound of *oo* in *roof*, *food*, etc., from the sound of *oo* in *book* and *good*, and from the sound of *u* in such words as *pure* and *duke*.

Pronunciation, when perfectly pure, should be free from what we call provincialisms; that is, from any peculiarity of tone, accent, or vowel sound, which would mark the speaker as coming from any particular locality. If our pronunciation is perfectly pure, it does not indicate, in the slightest degree, the part of the country in which we have lived.

Distinct articulation requires that each syllable should receive its full value, and that the end of a word should be enunciated as distinctly as the beginning. It depends largely on the way in which we utter the consonants, just as correct pronunciation depends on the enunciation of the vowels. Final consonants are easily slurred, especially in the case of words ending in two or more consonants, which present special difficulties of articulation. Such words are *mends*, *seethes*, *thirsteth*, *breathed*, etc. Sometimes, too, the careless reader fails to articulate two consonants separately when the first word ends with the consonant or consonant sound with which the second begins; for example, *Sir Richard Grenville lay*, *Spanish ships*; or when the first word ends with a consonant and the second begins with a vowel, as in *eats apples*, *not at all*, *an ox*, etc. On the other hand, too evident an effort to secure the proper enunciation of the sound elements should be avoided, since a stilted mode of utterance is thus produced.

Exercises for drill in the vowel sounds and in articulation are provided in Appendix A.

Expression

Oral reading, however, even in its earliest stages, consists in more than recognizing words, pronouncing them correctly, and articulating them distinctly. It includes thinking thoughts, seeing mental pictures, (which is only another form of thinking) and feeling varied emotions—all while the mechanical act of reading is going on. To illustrate, let us take a line from *The Island of the Scots*:

High flew the spray above their heads, yet onward still
they bore.

If we wish to read this line well, what must we do besides pronouncing the words correctly and articulating them distinctly? We must think about the meaning of what we read.

This includes two kinds of thinking. In the example we first think the picture presented by the words; that is, we make a mental image of the little band of Scots, hand in hand, trying to ford the swiftly flowing waters of the swollen river. This is called **concrete thinking**. At the same time we form some judgment based on the picture. We think of the great determination and courage these men showed in struggling forward in spite of the danger. This is called **abstract thinking**. But, as we have said, a reader does more than think in these two ways—he feels; and feeling, or **emotion**, comes of itself, if the reader thinks in the two ways described, for emotion is the result of thinking. Especially is it the result of concrete thinking; for what we see, even if only with the mind's eye, stirs our emotions more than that of which we think in the abstract.

While reading the line just quoted, there are three emotions which spring from the thinking. As we see these men struggling against the strong current we have an emotion of fear for them; then as we think of their determination and courage in the face of such great danger, an emotion of determination comes to us, for we identify ourselves with their fortunes; and lastly we are filled with admiration for their heroism. Thus we experience the three emotions of fear, determination, and admiration, while performing the mechanical act of reading the words. These emotions, together with the two kinds of thinking mentioned, affect the voice and the manner of reading, and determine what we call **expression**. If the words were simply repeated mechanically there would be no expression. Since expression involves the employment of so many different powers at one time, a mastery of the art of expression is much harder to acquire than a mastery of merely the mechanical side of reading.

Accordingly, good vocal expression springs primarily from something within ourselves—that is, from our mental and emotional state. It cannot be acquired by mechanical imitation, whether of the reading of another, or of the movements, sounds, and gestures indicated in the subject

matter of what we read. Nevertheless it is very stimulating to hear a selection well read, not because a model is thus supplied for our imitation, but because we get a grasp of the selection as a whole, and because the voice, which possesses great power in stirring the imagination and the feelings, thus prepares within us the mental and emotional state necessary for the correct expression.

In the same way, imitation of the movements, sounds, and gestures, suggested by the subject matter may be a stimulus to thought and feeling when preparing a selection, since what we have actually reproduced is more real to us than what we have only imagined. After such preparation, imitation, if it enters into the reading at all, will be spontaneous, and not intentional and forced. In reading *The Charge of the Light Brigade* or *The Ride from Ghent to Aix*, we do not designedly hurry along to imitate rapidity of movement; but, rather, the imagination having been kindled by the picture, our pulse is quickened, and the voice moves rapidly in sympathy with the feelings aroused.

In the following extract (p. 216) the atmosphere is one of joy. The reader is moved through sympathy with Horatius, and his voice indicates the joy of the Romans, but he does not attempt to imitate vocally, or by gesture, the "shouts," "clapping," and "weeping":

Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

Sometimes, as already stated, we imitate spontaneously:

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.

Here we imitate spontaneously the movement expressive of sudden fear. Our action is prompted by our own fears for their safety.

Sometimes the feeling is still more complex. In reading the following we spontaneously reproduce Sextus' alternate hate and fear which, moreover, we tinge with our own contempt:

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

In reading the little poem from *The Princess*, (page 107) note how we are influenced by the tense emotion of the attendants who speak. We do not try to imitate them; but having made the scene stand out before us, we speak as we in imagination hear them, in an aspirated tone of voice:

She must weep or she will die.

In the last line it would savour of melodrama to try to impersonate the lady as she says:

Sweet my child, I live for thee.

The important point is to show intelligent sympathy with her speech, not to imitate her manner of uttering it.

On the other hand we must not make the mistake of supposing that if we get the thought and the emotion, the true vocal expression will follow. One who has a fine appreciation of a piece of literature may, notwithstanding, read it very indifferently. Even in conversation where we are interpreting vocally our own thoughts and feelings, we sometimes misplace emphasis or employ the wrong inflection. How

much more likely we are to fall into such errors when we attempt to interpret vocally from a book the thoughts of another.

Elements of Vocal Expression

In order to criticise ourselves or understand intelligent criticism, we must have a knowledge of the laws that govern speech—that is, we must know what properties of tone or what acts of the voice correspond to certain mental and emotional states. For example, the amount and character of thinking done while we read determines the rate of utterance; the purpose or motive of the thought and its completeness or incompleteness are indicated by an upward or downward slide of the voice; the nervous tension expresses itself in a certain key; the physical and mental energy, in a certain power or volume of the voice; and the character of the emotion is reflected in the quality. These principles of vocal expression are known technically as the **elements of time, inflection, pitch, force, and quality**. Closely connected with these elements are **pause, grouping, stress, emphasis, shading, and perspective**.

Pause. It must be quite clear that when we are reading silently, for the purpose of getting the thought for ourselves, our minds are at work as has been described. We shall now examine how this work done by the mind affects the voice and produces what we call good expression when we are reading aloud for the purpose of conveying thought to others. As an illustration we shall take an example from *The Glove and the Lions*:

The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their
side,
And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to
make his bride.

In these lines there are certain words or phrases which stand out prominently, since they call up mental pictures, namely: "nobles," "benches round," "Count de Lorge," and

“one.” In order to give time to make these mental pictures, we naturally pause after each one. At the end of the first line we combine the details, making a larger mental image, with the result that we make a long pause after “side.” In reading the second line, the eye and the mind run ahead of the voice, and the reader, wishing to impress the listener with the new and important idea “Count de Lorge,” pauses before it as well as after it. In the same way he pauses before the phrase, “he hoped to make his bride,” to prepare the mind of the listener to receive the impression. Thus we see that, if the mind is working, a pause occurs after a word while we are making a mental image or trying to realize the idea more fully, and also often before we express an important idea, in order to prepare the mind of the listener for what is to come.

A very useful exercise in the study of pause is to image the pictures in selections such as the following:

Come from deep glen (picture) and
 From mountain so rocky; (picture)
 The war pipe and pennon (picture)
 Are at Inverlocky.
 Come every hill-plaid, and
 True heart that wears one; (picture)
 Come every steel blade, (picture) and
 Strong hand that bears one. (picture)

Leave untended the herd, (picture)
 The flock without shelter; (picture)
 Leave the corpse uninterred, (picture)
 The bride at the altar; (picture)
 Leave the deer, (picture) leave the steer, (picture)
 Leave nets and barges: (picture)
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broadwords and targes. (picture)

Then, too, in passing from one idea or thought to another, the mind requires time to make the transition:

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath:

Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Here the mind passes in succession from the action of Lartius to that of Herminius and that of Horatius. A long pause is required after "beneath," "teeth," and "dust," with a shorter pause after "Seius" and after "thrust." Further, if the thoughts concern actions far apart, more time is required to make the transition, and hence a longer pause:

All day long that free flag toss'd
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Note the transition in thought from the day on which these stirring events are supposed to have taken place to the present time. This is indicated by a long pause after "warm good-night."

Sometimes the mind requires time to fill in ideas suggested but not expressed:

Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon look'd down and saw not one.

Here, the tearing down of the flags between the morning and noon, is suggested to the mind; hence a long pause after "wind."

Where an ellipsis occurs and the meaning is not obvious, there is a pause to give time to realize the logical connection:

I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

Here's the English can and will!

Note the pauses after "reign," and "English" (second example).

In such examples as the following where the meaning is obvious, the pauses after "them," "one," "weary," and "wounded," make prominent the important idea following:

And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he
hoped to make his bride.

The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When preparing to read a selection, it is of great importance to make the leading thoughts stand out clearly in the mind so that we may be able to present them one by one. The poem *Barbara Frietchie* (p. 113) could be divided into paragraphs with some such titles as the following: (1) the town of Frederick and its surroundings, (2) the approach of the army, (3) the tearing down of the flags, (4) the raising of Barbara Frietchie's flag, (5) Stonewall Jackson and his men, and so on. Each of the paragraphs is a complete section of the poem, and requires a well-marked pause before passing on to the next one.

Grouping. In the extract from *The Glove and the Lions*, used above to illustrate pause, the mental pictures and important ideas are suggested in nearly every case by a single word. Ideas are, however, suggested as often by groups of words as by single words. These groups are treated as single words, and may take pauses before or after them as the case may be. The reader, who is thinking as he

reads, will group together words that express one idea, or symbolize one picture, presenting these ideas and pictures to himself and to the listener one by one, and separating by a pause, of greater or less length, those not closely connected.

A slouched leather cap|| half hid his face| bronzed
by the sun and wind| and dripping with sweat.|| He
wore a cravat twisted like a rope|| coarse blue
trousers| worn and shabby| white on one knee| and
with holes in the other;|| an old ragged gray blouse|
patched on one side with a piece of green cloth|
sewed with twine;|| upon his back| was a well-filled
knapsack,|| in his hand| he carried an enormous
knotted stick;|| his stockingless feet| were in hob-
nailed shoes;|| his hair was cropped|| and his beard
long.

Here the double vertical lines mark off groups of words which express one idea or symbolize one picture, and which are therefore each separated from the other by a well-marked pause. The single vertical lines indicate a shorter pause between the subdivisions of each group. The phrase "an old ragged gray blouse patched on one side with a piece of green cloth sewed with twine" presents one picture by itself, and is separated from the context by a long pause, but each detail in this picture is presented in turn to the mind's eye, hence the shorter pauses after "blouse," "cloth," and "twine."

The reader should be careful not to allow pause and grouping to produce a jerky effect, thus interfering with the rhythm. This applies especially to poetry, which demands, in order to preserve the rhythm, that the caesural pause should not be slighted, and that there should be a more or less marked pause at the end of each line:

And they had trod the Pass once more, and stoop'd on
either side
To pluck the heather from the spot where he had
dropped and died.

In the second line, the caesural pause occurs after "spot," but the phrase "from the spot where he had dropped and died" expresses one idea and must be given as a whole. The rhythm and the grouping appear to be at variance; but the difficulty is easily overcome by making the caesural pause shorter than the pause after "heather" which introduces the group, and at the same time, by not allowing the voice to fall on the word "spot."

The following affords another instance where the grouping appears to interfere with the rhythm:

If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"Of this gifted well" is evidently not connected in thought with "husband." It must be separated from "husband" by a pause and attached to "Shall drink" at the beginning of the next line. To do this, it is not, however, necessary to omit the pause at the end of the line; for this would mar the effect of the rhythm. The difficulty is again overcome by making the pause at the end of the line shorter than the pauses which mark the grouping, and by not allowing the voice to fall on "well."

Time is the rate at which we read. It is fast or slow according to the number and the length of the pauses between words and phrases, and also according to the length of time the reader dwells on the words themselves. There is perhaps no more frequent criticism made on reading than that it is too fast. What does this mean? It means that the reader is not doing enough thinking as he repeats the words. Consequently, he does not dwell on words that are full of meaning, nor pause before and after words and phrases to make the mental picture and to grasp the thought more fully. Moreover, for the benefit of the listener, the reading should be slower than is required by the reader for himself. The

reader, with his eye on the page, can allow his eye and mind to run ahead of his voice, and can thus realize the thought in less time than the listener. The following line calls for a comparatively small amount of thinking:

High flew the spray above their heads, yet onward
still they bore.

Here, there is little except what is on the surface, and the thoughts suggested by the words are of the kind to make the mind think rapidly. Hence the line is read in faster time than the average rate. Reading may, accordingly, be fast from one or both of two causes. First, when there is no background of thought for the mind to dwell upon, and second when the nature of the thoughts themselves, such as the narration of the rapid succession of events, impels to quick mental action. The following lines from *Pibroch of Donuil Dhu* (p. 61) will serve as an illustration:

Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.
Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather! etc.

So, too, reading may be slow from the exact opposite of these two reasons. First, when there is a great back-ground of thought suggested by the words, and second, when the reflective and meditative nature of the thought leads to slow action on the part of the mind. In some selections both of these conditions are present; in others only one of them. In *The Day is Done* (p. 63) there is little thought below the surface; but the reading is slow because the quiet, meditative nature of the thought tends to slow mental action:

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Both conditions, however, exist in the lines from *Barbara Frietchie* which describe the effect produced on Stonewall Jackson by Barbara Frietchie's heroic action and daring speech:

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came.

A great many thoughts are suggested by these two lines. The heart of the gallant Southerner is touched at the sight of this weak, decrepit old woman with the courage and boldness of youth, ready to die for her principles. His stern features relax and a look of sadness passes over his face. The taunting words "spare your country's flag" have struck home. The tragic side of civil war is forced upon him—father fighting against son, and brother against brother, the sons of freedom firing at their own star-spangled banner. The sorrow and the shame of it all rise before him, and the crimson flush mounts to his brow. With this undercurrent of thought in the mind, it is impossible to read rapidly. Besides, the reflective nature of the thoughts themselves tends to make one repeat the words slowly.

Sometimes, again, reading is faster than the moderate rate because of the unimportance of the events or facts:

He spoke of the grass, the flowers and the trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

Note the lightness with which the unimportant details of conversation are skimmed over.

Inflection. If we listen to the speech of the people around us, we can easily detect an upward slide of the voice on some words, a downward slide on others, and on others again a combination of the two. This slide of the voice on words—generally on the accented syllable of an emphatic

word—is called **inflection**, and the various inflections are known as *rising* (/), *falling* (\), *rising circumflex* (∨), and *falling circumflex* (∧).

Each inflection has a definite and fixed meaning recognized by every one, and it is because of the laws of inflection that we can tell what meaning a speaker intends to convey when he uses certain words; for often the same words may carry two or three different meanings according to the inflection. The simple word “Yes,” with an abrupt downward slide, expresses decided affirmation. When spoken with an upward slide, it expresses interrogation and is equivalent to “Is that really so?” When it has a combination of the downward and upward slide or a rising circumflex inflection, the meaning is no longer simple but complex. There is an assertion combined with doubt. It is equivalent to saying: “I think so but I am not really sure.” In such a sentence as: “Do not say ‘yes,’ ” where the idea “but say ‘no,’ ” is merely implied, but not formally expressed, the word “yes” has a combination of the upward and downward slide or a falling circumflex inflection.

If we take an idea for its own sake, if it is independent and complete in itself, the voice has the downward slide or falling inflection on the words which stand for the central idea:

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel.

Each statement is complete in itself and has the falling inflection.

Sometimes there is a slight downward slide before the statement is completed, because the mind feels that the ideas

already expressed are of sufficient force to give them the value of completeness:

My strength is as the strength of tèn,
Because my heart is pure.

And the sick men down in the hold were most of
them stark and còld,
And the pikes were all broken or bènt, and the
powder was all of it spènt;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the
side.

Note the momentary completeness on "ten," "cold," "bent," and "spent," requiring the falling inflection.

If on the other hand an idea is incomplete, either pointing forward to some other idea or being subordinate, the voice has the upward slide or rising inflection. The rising inflection, like the falling, may be long or short, more or less abrupt, according to the importance of the thought:

Shé, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow.

"She" points forward to the predicate "felt" and because of the importance of the idea it takes a long rising inflection; "with all a monarch's pride" being subordinate and incomplete also requires the voice to be kept up, but takes a shorter rising inflection.

It is of the greatest importance to know the exact purpose of the thought, so that the voice may, of itself, give the corresponding inflection:

And you may gather garlánds thére
Would grace a summer quèen.

The sense is evidently not complete in the first line, the intention being to emphasize the beauty of the garlands to be gathered, and not merely to state that they may be gathered

there. When the reader understands the exact meaning he will convey it by keeping the rising inflection on "garlands."

Similar to the foregoing is the following:

There is not a wífe in the wést cóuntry
But has heard of the Wèll of St. Kèyne.

The sense is not complete until we read the second line. The rising inflection on "country" indicates this and connects the first line with the second, bringing out the meaning, that every wife in the west country has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

Sometimes we have a series of rising inflections, all pointing forward to the leading statement which is to follow and which is necessary to complete the sense, for example:

Of man's first disobédience and the frúit
Of that forbidden trée, whose mortal táste
Brought déath into the wórld, and all our wóe,
With loss of Éden, till one greater mán
Restóre us, and regáin the blissful séat,
Sìng, heàvenly Mùse.

Incompleteness may be suggested by a negative statement or its equivalent:

Nót from the grand old másters,
Nót from the bárd's sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

I do not know what I was pláying,
Or what I was dréaming thén,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

Note the rising inflection on these negative clauses.

On the same principle the rising inflection is used on the negative statements of persuasive argument as in the *Apology of Socrates* (p. 145).

But I thought that I ought not to do anything common or mean, in the hour of danger: nor do I now repent of the manner of my defence.

For neither in war nor yet at law ought any man to use every way of escaping death.

Not so; the deficiency which led to my conviction was not of words—certainly not.

Doubt and hesitation also imply incompleteness:

He surely would do desperate things to show his love
of me!

King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the chance is wondrous fine;

I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory
will be mine!

Note the rising inflection on the first two lines where the lady is still in doubt as to what shall be the test of De Lorge's love, and the falling inflection on the last one when she has reached a decision.

Pleading and entreaty also convey a sense of incompleteness and take the rising inflection:

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!

A direct interrogation, that is, one that can be answered by "Yes" or "No", implies incompleteness in the mind of the questioner and requires a decided rising inflection:

Is your name Shýlock?

May you stéad me? Will you pléasure me? Shall
I knów your ánsver?

Questions that require an explanatory answer and cannot be answered by "Yes" or "No," do not convey an idea of incompleteness, being merely equivalent to the statement of a desire for certain information. Consequently they take the falling inflection:

Flav. Speàk, whàt tràde art thòu?

1st Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Whère is thy leather àpron, and thy rèle?

What dost thou with thy best appàrel òn?—

You, sir, whàt tràde are yòu?

The purpose or motive of a question must be considered. We must know whether the question is asked for information, or whether its purpose is to give information; that is, whether it is only another way of making an assertion—what is sometimes called a question of appeal. When Shylock asks Portia: "Shall I not have barely my principal?" he does so with the direct purpose of learning his sentence. His question can be answered by "Yes" or "No" and the rising inflection is used. But when he asks: "On what compulsion must I?" he means simply to give the information that there is no power on earth to compel him. This is a complete thought, hence the falling inflection. Other examples are:

Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

The opposite inflections on antithetical words or phrases are also due to this law of completeness and incompleteness. The first part of the antithesis usually has the rising

inflection marking incompleteness, and the second, the falling, marking completeness.

Hís blast is heard at merry mórn,
And mìne at dèad of nìght.

For this thy brother was déad, and is àlive again;
and was lóst, and is fòund.

Similarly, in a series of words or phrases parallel in construction, all have the rising inflection but the last:

As Cæsar lóved me, I wéep for him; as he was
fortúnate, I rejóice at it; as he was váliant, I hónour
him; but as he was ambitious, I slèw him! There is
teárs for his lóve; jóy for his fórtune; hónour for
his vólour; and deàth for his ambition.

Cráfty men contémn studies; símples men admíre
them; and wíse men·ùse them.

If one part of the antithesis is a negation, it takes the rising inflection, whether it comes first or second. This is owing to the fact that, as illustrated above, a negation implies incompleteness. The other part then takes the falling inflection:

Fall into the hands of Gòd, not into the hands of
Spáin.

I come to bùry Cæsar, not to práise him.

I said an èlder soldier, not a bétter.

Often only one part of the antithesis is expressed, the contrast being implied. In such a case, the voice brings out the contrast by placing a combination of the two inflections of the regularly expressed antithesis on the one word

which does duty for both parts: Cassius says: "I said an elder soldier, not a better" in reply to Brutus' speech—"You say you are a better soldier." The antithesis is fully expressed, and the voice places the falling inflection on "elder" and the rising inflection on "better." If Cassius had omitted the words "not a better," the very same meaning could have been conveyed by placing a combination of the rising and the falling inflection or a falling circumflex on the word "elder," thus—"I said an *elder* soldier." In the next line he goes on to say "Did I say better?" Here, there is an implied contrast with "elder," which is expressed by a combination of the falling and the rising inflection or a rising circumflex. From these two examples, we can see that the law of completeness and incompleteness holds good with the compound or circumflex inflection, just as it does with the simple inflection, and determines whether the circumflex shall be rising or falling.

A very common mistake in reading is to use the circumflex inflection in emphasizing a word, thus making a contrast where none is intended. "Ramped and roared the lions" with a falling circumflex inflection on "lions," instead of a simple falling inflection, suggests that the tigers or some other animals did not ramp and roar. For similar reasons, avoid the circumflex when emphasizing "hand" and "feet" in "put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet."

As has already been stated, it is necessary to know the motive behind the words. When Shylock says: "O wise and upright judge," his intention is evidently to bestow sincere praise. The reader, knowing this, instinctively gives a straight slide. Later, when Gratiano says: "O upright judge, O learned judge!" his intention is to taunt and hold up to ridicule; there is a double meaning conveyed, which finds its natural expression in a curved inflection.

Compare the curved inflections in the cobbler's speeches in Act I. Scene I, of *Julius Cæsar* (p. 133) when he is fencing with Marullus, with the straight inflections of his final speech

when he has thrown aside his raillery and speaks with sincerity:

Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself
in more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to
see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

One writer has said: "Where there is simple and genuine thought, deep and sincere feeling, wherever the eye is single, the inflections of the voice are straight; a crook in the mind however is indicated by a crook in the voice."

Pitch is the key of the voice. A change of pitch is a leap from one key to another during silence. Inflection, as we have seen, is a gradual change in the key while the voice is speaking. The pitch or key depends upon the muscular tension of the vocal chords, which act like the strings of a musical instrument: the greater the tension, the higher the key. Muscular tension implies nervous tension and this is dependent upon the mental state. If the mind is calm, the nervous and muscular tension is normal, and the speaker uses the key habitual to him in his ordinary speech. If the mental state is one of excitement, the key is higher because of greater nervous and muscular tension. If, on the other hand, the mental state is one of depression, the key is lower because of relaxed muscular tension.

In *The Defence of the Bridge* (p. 206) the Romans, seeing the danger of the heroes, are wrought up to a high state of nervous tension which finds its natural expression in the high-pitched voice:

"Come back, come back Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Contrast with this the lower key of Horatius, who is calm and self-controlled:

“O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”

Observe the gradual rise in pitch with the increase of tension or excitement in the following:

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

In the following lines, where the Douglas holds communion with himself, the tension is low chiefly because of his great mental depression, and, consequently, he speaks in a low key:

Yes! all is true my fears could frame;
A prisoner lies the noble Graeme,
And fiery Roderick soon will feel
The vengeance of the royal steel.
I, only I, can ward their fate,—
God grant the ransom come not late.
The abbess hath her promise given,
My child shall be the bride of Heaven;—
Be pardoned one repining tear!
For he, who gave her, knows how dear,
How excellent! but that is by,
And now my business is—to die.

The low pitch is also partly due to the fact that the Douglas is speaking to himself, and has no desire to communicate his thoughts to another; for the effort to communicate thought causes increased tension.

Again, it requires greater effort to address a person who is at a distance than one close at hand, or to address a large

audience than a small one. Observe the comparatively high pitch in which Antony (p. 225) begins his oration:

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

If the reader wishes to give prominence to a thought, the effort put forth causes muscular tension, resulting in a higher pitch. On the other hand, a thought, which the reader regards as not of special importance to the listener, finds expression in lower pitch, more as if he were addressing himself:

Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?

Observe the lower pitch of the subordinate clauses in the first four lines, and the higher pitch in the last two lines which project the leading thought.

“I think, boys,” said the schoolmaster, when the clock struck twelve, “that I shall give an extra half-holiday this afternoon.”

Similarly, the narrative clause “said the schoolmaster” which interrupts the direct speech is read in lower pitch and is separated by a marked pause before and after.

Parenthetical expressions, also for the same reason, are read in lower pitch.

She had not perceived—how could she until she had lived longer?—the inmost truth of the old monk’s outpourings, that renunciation remains sorrow, though a sorrow borne willingly.

He (Mr. Pickwick) would not deny that he was influenced by human passions, and human feelings, (cheers)—possibly by human weaknesses—(loud cries of “No”); but this he would say, that if ever the fire of self-importance broke out in his bosom, the desire to benefit the human race in preference, effectually quenched it.

Passages which are collateral or co-ordinate in construction, and equally balanced, will find their natural vocal expression in the same pitch and, of course, the pitch varies as the attitude of the mind changes:

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

The first two lines have the same pitch, because there is no difference in intensity of feeling or in the mental conception. There is, however, an entire change of thought beginning with “the sun.” This is accompanied by a change of pitch.

Force. Force is vocal energy; in other words, it is the power or volume of the voice, and is determined by the amount of physical and mental energy exerted by the speaker.

The language of everyday conversation, when not marked by intensity of feeling or purpose, requires only a moderate amount of physical and mental energy and is expressed by *moderate force*. Intensity of feeling or purpose, on the other hand, is accompanied by a great expenditure of energy, and finds its natural outlet in *strong force*. In the following lines, (p. 132) the king’s emphatic approval of De Lorge’s action and his vehement condemnation of the lady’s vanity find expression in strong force:

“In truth!” cried Francis, “rightly done!” and he
rose from where he sat:
“No love,” quoth he, “but vanity, sets love a task like
that!”

Compare the moderate amount of energy expended in uttering the narrative clauses "cried Francis," "and he rose from where he sat," and "quoth he," which should be read with moderate force.

More physical energy is expended in making one's self understood at a distance than near at hand, and in addressing a large audience than a small one; hence strong force is used in the following where it is accompanied by a loud tone of voice:

"Come back, come back Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.

But strong force does not necessarily imply a loud tone of voice:

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"

Here Sextus gives vent to his concentrated hate for Horatius and speaks with strong force, but not in a loud tone of voice.

The effort to influence the mind and action of others draws on a great fund of mental energy; hence commands, persuasion, and argument, all find their vocal expression in strong force. Hervé Riel, urging the captains to allow him to pilot the ships, speaks with strong force:

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me
there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,

When the mental or physical energy is at a low ebb we speak with *weak force*:

But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the
cold,
Was just that I was leaving home, and my folks were
growing old.

Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

For the same reason such poems as *The Day is Done*, (p. 63) and Part IV, of *The Lady of Shalott*, (p. 200) are read with gentle force.

A change in force often accompanies a change in pitch. The lower pitch of parenthetical expressions, and narrative clauses which interrupt direct discourse, is accompanied by weaker force, and the higher pitch resulting from the efforts to make one's self heard at a distance is accompanied by stronger force.

Stress is force applied to the vowel sound. When we are taken by surprise and give expression to it by means of the one word "Oh," we apply the force or volume of the voice to the beginning of the vowel sound. This is called *initial* or *radical stress* ($>$). When we wish to give a very emphatic denial to a statement, or to insist on a refusal to some persistent request we say "No," gradually increasing the force of the voice to the last part of the vowel sound. This is called *final* or *vanishing stress* ($<$). Again, if our minds are uplifted with wonder and delight at something we have heard or seen, we exclaim "Oh" applying the force to the middle of the vowel sound. This swell of the vowel sound is called *median stress* ($<>$).

It has already been pointed out that force depends upon the *amount* of energy. The above examples show that stress or the location of force depends upon the *kind* of mental energy, or the attitude of mind, whether it be that of abruptness, of insistence, or of uplift.

All speech has a slight tendency toward initial stress, because the effort made by the vocal chords to articulate sound is characterized by abruptness. If, in addition, the mental energy of the speaker possesses abruptness through sudden impulse or emotion, or through unconscious imitation

of sound or movement, the initial stress is very prominent:

Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, *what trade* are you?

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
 Dame Barbara *snatched* the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
 And *shook* it forth with a royal will.

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
 tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber
 door.

If the speaker desires to impress on others his own feelings or convictions, the final stress is the result. Such insistence is found in the expression of anger, scorn, indignation, and determination:

Burn the fleet and *ruin* France?
 That were *worse* than *fifty* Hogues!
 Sirs, they *know* I speak the truth!
 Sirs, *believe* me, *there's a way*!

In the first two lines Hervé Riel wishes to make others feel his own indignation at the thought of burning the fleet. In the last two, he tries to impress them with his conviction that there is a way out of the difficulty. Hence the final stress in each case.

Sometimes the speaker tries to enforce his own opinion by peevishness, whining, or complaining, with the result that he uses the final stress:

Lady Teazle. Then *why* will you *endeavour* to make yourself so *disagreeable* to me, and *thwart* me in *every little elegant expense*?

Sir Peter. Madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady Teazle. Sir Peter! would you have me be
out of the fashion?

If the mental energy or mental attitude is one of uplift or exaltation, expressing itself in adoration of the Deity, or in admiration and love of the beautiful, or in sympathy and tenderness toward mankind, the median stress is used:

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me,
bless his holy name.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.

Determination and settled conviction in the speaker's mind, especially when accompanied by a marked degree of dignity, calmness, and self-control, cause equal stress on every part of the vowel sound. This is called *thorough stress*:

If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

It is the stress of quiet strength and great reserve force:

Though the water flashed around them,
Not an eye was seen to quiver;
Though the shot flew sharp and deadly,
Not a man relax'd his hold.

In a more marked degree, it is also the stress used in calling:

Then rose a warning cry behind, a joyous shout before:
"The current's strong,—the way is long,—they'll never
reach the shore!

See, see! they stagger in the midst, they waver in their
line!

Fire on the madmen! break their ranks, and overwhelm them
in the Rhine!"

If the speaker's attitude of mind is not straightforward and sincere, if he speaks with a double meaning, in irony or sarcasm, the stress is a combination of the radical and final, known as *compound stress* ($><$). This is analogous to the compound inflection. See page 21.

Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!

Now welcome to thy home!

Why dost thou stay, and turn away?

Here lies the road to Rome.

Accordingly, the compound stress is used when the intention is to taunt or to ridicule:

Sir Peter. Ay—there again—taste! Zounds!
Madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teazle. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter!
and after having married you, I should *never pretend to taste again*, I allow.

Emphasis—The importance of an idea, whether this idea is expressed by a single word, or by a phrase or clause, is indicated by a variation of pitch, force, or time. This change in pitch, force, or time, by attracting attention to that idea, is a means of emphasis. It is the new idea, or the idea which is important through contrast either expressed or implied, which will attract the reader's attention and which he will make prominent in this way:

Brutus. You say you are a *better soldier*:

Let it *appear* so; make your vaunting *true*,
And it shall *please me well*: for mine own part,
I shall be *glad* to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You *wrong* me every way; you *wrong* me,
Brutus;

I said, an *elder* soldier, not a *better*:

“better soldier,” “appear,” and “true” are central ideas; they express important ideas not mentioned before. When Cassius replies he at once throws the idea of “soldier” in the back-ground and emphasizes “better” by contrasting it with

"elder." He also introduces the new idea "wrong" which he makes still more emphatic by repetition. Brutus also introduces the new idea "please me well" which he makes emphatic by repeating it in the word "glad." Other examples of words and phrases becoming more emphatic through repetition are:

Faster come, faster come;
Faster and faster,
Fast they come, fast they come;

"*Jump*—far—out boy into the wave,
JUMP, or I fire," he said,
"This chance alone your life can save:
JUMP, JUMP."

In the case of a climax, the emphasis grows stronger on each member of the series:

"Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"
cried its chief.

It is enthronéd in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himself.

When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke
from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew;
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
quake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their
masts and their flags.

However, if a word is repeated, it is not necessarily emphatic each time:

The German heart is stout and true, the German arm
is strong;
The German foot goes seldom back where armèd foemen
throng.

In the phrase "The German heart" the chief emphasis is on "heart," with a slighter emphasis on German. The emphasis is then transferred to "arm" and "foot" through contrast with "heart." To emphasize "German" again would weaken the effect.

Compare the repetition, in the following, of the syllable "un," also of the phrase "this year":

Unwatched along Clitumnus
 Grazes the milk-white steer;
 Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip
 In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
 This year, old men shall reap,
 This year young boys in Umbro
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
 And in the vats of Luna,
 This year, the must shall foam
 Round the white feet of laughing girls
 Whose sires have marched to Rome.

Words and phrases are emphatic quite as often through contrast implied as through contrast expressed. It is evident that such a sentence as: "Will you ride to town to-day?" may have a number of different meanings according to the words emphasized. This difference of meaning is due to an implied contrast. If "you" is emphatic, it is because there is a mental contrast between "you" and some other person. If "ride" is emphatic, it is because riding is being contrasted with walking or driving and so on. The following contain examples of emphasis through implied contrast:

Great things were ne'er begotten in an hour.

But *now* no sound of laughter was heard among the foes.

As already shown on page 21, the emphasis, in the case of implied contrast, is brought out by the circumflex inflection.

Shading and Perspective. These deal with the relative importance of words, phrases, or clauses. According as an idea suggested by a word or group of words is regarded as principal or subordinate, the voice either projects it or holds it in the back-ground as an artist shades his picture:

And, though the legend does not live,—for legends lightly die—

The peasant, as he sees the stream in winter rolling by,
And foaming o'er its channel-bed between him and the spot

Won by the warriors of the sword, still calls that deep
and dangerous ford

The Passage of the Scot.

The principal statement, "The peasant still calls that deep and dangerous ford the Passage of the Scot," is projected or emphasized by higher pitch and stronger force, the thought being sustained, and the connection made between "The peasant" and "still calls" by means of the rising inflection. The subordinate statements, "though the legend does not live" and "as he sees the stream in winter rolling by sword," are kept in the back-ground by slightly lower pitch and moderate force. The parenthetical clause, "for legends lightly die," is subordinate to the subordinate statement and is thrown still more into the back-ground in the same way as the preceding.

Strictly speaking, the term "shading" is used to indicate the value of individual phrases or clauses; "perspective," to indicate the values of several phrases or clauses viewed relatively.

The **quality**, or timbre, of the voice reveals the speaker's emotions, their character, number, and intensity. The voice is affected by the muscular texture of the throat, just as the tone of an instrument is affected by the texture of the material of which it is made. This muscular texture is affected by nerve and muscular vibrations which are caused by emotion, the result of mental impressions. Whatever be the

quality of voice peculiar to the individual, it is greatly modified by his emotions. The man of few emotions has few vocal vibrations; hence his monotonous voice. The man whose emotions are habitually cruel, has a harsh, hard muscular texture through contraction of the muscles; hence the hard voice. It is plain that the natural voice is an index to the character. If the imagination and soul are cultivated, the voice will gain in richness and fulness. If, in reading that which expresses the sublime, noble, and grand, the imagination is kindled, the voice will express by its vibrations the largeness of our conception. This full, rich voice is called the *orotund*:

These are the gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name —
The prairies.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is
his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed
our transgressions from us.

In thinking of what is stern, severe, harsh, cruel, or base, the muscles of the throat contract and produce the rigid, throaty tone known as the *guttural*:

On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

“Curse on him!” quoth false Sextus
“Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day,
We should have sacked the town!”

Certain states of mind, such as awe, caution, secrecy, fear, etc., produce in greater or less degree an aspirated or “breathy” quality, called the *whisper* or *aspirate*:

When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.

The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

The atmosphere of hush and repose expresses itself by a partial whisper:

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

It must not be supposed that the whisper is always associated with moderate or with weak force as in the preceding examples. Strong force is used with the whisper to express intensity of feeling or vehemence:

Whispering with white lips: the foe! they come! they come!

Hush, I say, hush!

Other emotional states have their corresponding qualities of voice, such, for example, as the quality of oppressed feeling and the quality expressing agitation.

To conclude: it must be carefully borne in mind that the reader should never strive to produce a certain quality apart from the emotion which should precede. By force alone, for example, he will succeed in producing mere sound without the quality. Nor are any of the examples given above, in dealing with the various elements of vocal expression, intended for practice in voice gymnastics apart from the preliminary state of which they are the vocal expression. They are intended merely as illustrations of the laws which govern correct speech.

THE HIGH SCHOOL READER

THE BANNER OF ST. GEORGE

Words by Shapcott Wensley : music by Sir Edward Elgar

It comes from the misty ages,
The banner of England's might,
The blood-red cross of the brave St. George,
That burns on a field of white!
It speaks of the deathless heroes 5
On fame's bright page inscrolled,
And bids great England ne'er forget
The glorious deeds of old!

O'er many a cloud of battle
The banner has floated wide; 10
It shone like a star o'er the valiant hearts
That dashed the Armada's pride!
For ever amid the thunders
The sailor could do or die,
While tongues of flame leaped forth below, 15
And the flag of St. George was high!

O ne'er may the flag beloved
Unfurl in a strife unblest,
But ever give strength to the righteous arm,
And hope to the hearts oppressed! 20
It says to the passing ages:
"Be brave if your cause be right,
Like the soldier saint whose cross of red
Still burns on your banner white!"

Great race, whose empire of splendour 25
 Has dazzled the wondering world!
 May the flag that floats o'er thy wide domains
 Be long to all winds unfurled!
 Three crosses in concord blended,
 The banner of Britain's might! 30
 But the central gem of the ensign fair
 Is the cross of the dauntless Knight!

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PREPARATORY—Divide the poem into two parts, giving to each part a descriptive title.

What feelings are aroused by this poem?

What lines in stanzas i and iv call up a mental picture of the flag?

What three phrases in stanza i suggest the important ideas to be associated with the flag? How does the voice indicate the importance of these ideas? (Introduction, p. 8.)

Of what phrases in stanza i is stanza ii only an elaboration?

What wish is contained in stanza iii? What sentences express it?

What additional idea does stanza iv add to this wish?

STAR, VALIANT, ARMADA, CENTRAL. Make a distinction in the sound of the letter *a* in these words, and elsewhere in the poem. (Appendix A, 1.)

GEORGE, CROSS, FORGET, FORTH, CONCORD. What sound has the letter *o* in each word? (Appendix A, 1.)

Articulate with energy the final consonantal combinations of all such words as: ENGLAND'S, BURNS, SPEAKS, INSCROLLED, FLOATED, HEARTS, DASHED, LEAPED, UNBLEST, STRENGTH, DAZZLED, UNFURLED, BLENDED. (Appendix A, 3.)

JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP

From "Les Misérables"

At the bishop's house, his housekeeper, Mme. Magloire was saying:

"We say that this house is not safe at all; and, if Monseigneur will permit me, I will go on and tell the locksmith to come and put the old bolts in the door again. I say, than a door which opens by a latch on the outside to the first comer, nothing could be more horrible; and then Monseigneur has the habit of always saying: 'Come in,' even at midnight. But, my goodness, there is no need to even ask leave——"

At this moment there was a violent knock on the door.

"Come in!" said the bishop.

The door opened.

It opened quickly, quite wide, as if pushed by some one boldly and with energy.

A man entered.

That man we know already; it was the traveller we have seen wandering about in search of a lodging.

He came in, took one step, and paused, leaving the door open behind him. He had his knapsack on his back, his stick in his hand, and a rough, hard, and fierce look in his eyes. He was hideous.

The bishop looked upon the man with a tranquil eye. As he was opening his mouth to speak, doubtless to ask the stranger what he wanted, the man, leaning with both hands on his club, glanced from one to another in turn,

and, without waiting for the bishop to speak, said, in a loud voice:

“See here! my name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict; I have been nineteen years in the galleys. Four days ago I was set free, and started for Pontarlier; during these four days I have walked from Toulon. To-day I have walked twelve leagues. When I reached this place this evening I went to an inn, and they sent me away on account of my yellow passport, which I had shown at the Mayor’s office, as was necessary. I went to another inn; they said, ‘Get out!’ It was the same with one as with another; nobody would have me. I went to the prison and the turnkey would not let me in. I crept into a dog kennel, the dog bit me, and drove me away as if he had been a man; you would have said that he knew who I was. I went into the fields to sleep beneath the stars, there were no stars. I thought it would rain, and there was no good God to stop the drops, so I came back to the town to get the shelter of some doorway. There in the square I laid down upon a stone; a good woman showed me your house, and said: ‘Knock there!’ I have knocked. What is this place? Are you an inn? I have money; my savings, one hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous, which I have earned in the galleys by my work for nineteen years. I will pay. What do I care? I have money, I am very tired—twelve leagues on foot—and I am so hungry. Can I stay?”

“Mme. Magloire,” said the bishop, “put on another plate.”

The man took three steps and came near the lamp which stood on the table. “Stop,” he exclaimed; as if he had not been understood; “not that, did you understand me? I am a galley slave—a convict—I am just

from the galleys.” He drew from his pocket a large sheet of yellow paper, which he unfolded. “There is my passport, yellow, as you see. That is enough to have me kicked out wherever I go. Will you read it? See, here is what they have put on my passport: Jean Valjean, a liberated convict; has been nineteen years in the galleys; five years for burglary; fourteen years for having attempted four times to escape. This man is very dangerous. There you have it! Everybody has thrust me out; will you receive me? Is this an inn? Can you give me something to eat and a place to sleep? Have you a stable?”

“Mme. Magloire,” said the bishop, “put some sheets on the bed in the alcove.”

The bishop turned to the man:

“Monsieur, sit down and warm yourself; we are going to take supper presently, and your bed will be made ready while you sup.”

At last the man quite understood; his face, the expression of which till then had been gloomy, and hard, now expressed stupefaction, doubt and joy, and became absolutely wonderful. He began to stutter like a madman.

“True? What? You will keep me? you won’t drive me away—a convict? You call me monsieur and don’t say, ‘Get out, dog!’ as everybody else does. I shall have a supper! a bed like other people, with mattress and sheets—a bed! It is nineteen years that I have not slept on a bed. You are good people! Besides, I have money; I will pay well. I beg your pardon, M. Innkeeper, what is your name? I will pay all you say. You are a fine man. You are an innkeeper, is it not so?”

“I am a priest who lives here,” said the bishop.

"A priest," said the man. "Oh, noble priest! Then you do not ask any money?"

"No," said the bishop, "keep your money. How much have you?"

"One hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous," said the man.

"One hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous. And how long did it take you to earn that?"

"Nineteen years."

"Nineteen years!"

The bishop sighed deeply, and shut the door, which had been left wide open.

Mme. Magloire brought in a plate and set it on the table.

"Mme Magloire," said the bishop, "put this plate as near the fire as you can." Then turning toward his guest he added: "The night wind is raw in the Alps; you must be cold, monsieur."

Every time he said the word *monsieur* with his gentle, solemn and heartily hospitable voice, the man's countenance lighted up. *Monsieur* to a convict is a glass of water to a man dying of thirst at sea.

"The lamp," said the bishop, "gives a very poor light."

Mme. Magloire understood him, and, going to his bedchamber, took from the mantel the two silver candlesticks, lighted the candles and placed them on the table.

"M. le Curé," said the man, you are good; "you don't despise me. You take me into your house; you light your candles for me, and I haven't hid from you where I come from, and how miserable I am."

The bishop touched his hand gently and said: "You need not tell me who you are. This is not my house; it

is the house of Christ. It does not ask any comer whether he has a name, but whether he has an affliction. You are suffering; you are hungry and thirsty; be welcome. And do not thank me; do not tell me that I take you into my house. This is the home of no man except him who needs an asylum. I tell you, who are a traveller, that you are more at home here than I; whatever is here is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me, I knew it."

The man opened his eyes in astonishment.

"Really? You knew my name?"

"Yes," answered the bishop, "your name is my brother."

"Stop, stop, M. le Curé," exclaimed the man, "I was famished when I came in, but you are so kind that now I don't know what I am; that is all gone."

The bishop looked at him again and said:

"You have seen much suffering?"

"Oh, the red blouse, the ball and chain, the plank you sleep on, the heat, the cold, the galley's screw, the lash, the double chain for nothing, the dungeon for a word—even when sick in bed, the chain. The dogs, the dogs are happier! nineteen years! and I am forty-six, and now a yellow passport. That is all."

"Yes," answered the bishop, "you have left a place of suffering. But listen, there will be more joy in heaven over the tears of a repentant sinner than over the white robes of a hundred good men. If you are leaving that sorrowful place with hate and anger against men, you are worthy of compassion; if you leave it with good-will, gentleness, and peace, you are better than any of us."

This lesson can be used as an exercise on Pause springing from (1) Visualization and Grouping, (Introduction, pp. 7 and 8); (2) Narrative which breaks in upon the direct discourse. (Introduction, p. 24.)

THAT MAN WE KNOW ALREADY. Introduction, p. 11.)

“SEE HERE.....CAN I STAY?” This paragraph is an exercise on Emphasis. Make a list of the words which

are emphatic (1) because they express new and important ideas, (2) because of contrast. Why is GALLEYS not emphatic? Where is the emphasis placed in that sentence?

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

A well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside, 5
And behind doth an ash-tree grow
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh, 10
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he;
And he sat down upon the bank, 15
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by,
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail. 20

“Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?” quoth he;
“For, an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

“Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast, 25
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For, an if she have, I’ll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne.”

“I have left a good woman who never was here,”
The stranger he made reply; 30
“But that my draught should be the better for
that,
I pray you answer me why.”

“St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornish-man, many a
time
Drank of this crystal well;
And before the angel summoned her, 35
She laid on the water a spell,—

“If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life; 40

“But, if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then!”—

The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

“You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?” 45

He to the Cornish-man said;
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger
spake,
And sheepishly shook his head:—

“I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch; 50
But i’ faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.”

—Robert Southey

PREPARATORY.—Select the lines that (a) describe the scene, (b) indicate the action, (c) give the dialogue.

Show by recasting this ballad into dramatic form that it is a miniature drama.

Give examples of Pause springing from (a) Visualization, in ll. 1, 5, 6, 7, 9, 13, 17, 19, (b) narrative which interrupts direct discourse, in ll. 21, 29, 33, 45.

Which are the emphatic words in ll. 2, 3, 4, 10, 11, 14, 21, 29, 31, 38, 45, 46? Give your rea-

sons and show how they are made emphatic. (Introduction, p. 30.)

1. 3. What is the Inflection on ‘country,’ l. 3? (Introduction, p. 17.)

ll. 37-38. Note the Grouping and Pause. (Introduction, p. 12.)

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY

1 Corinthians xiii

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

CHARITY, SUFFERETH, PROFITETH. (Appendix A, 8 and 3.)

Show by examples from this selection how completeness and incompleteness of thought affect the Inflection. (Introduction, pp. 15 and 16.)

What Inflection does a negative statement usually require? Give examples from the second paragraph. (Introduction, p. 17.)

Give examples, from the second paragraph, of momentary

completeness. (Introduction, pp. 15 and 16.)

Select the words which are emphatic because they express
(a) new and important ideas,
(b) contrast.

BEARETH ALL THINGS, ETC.
How may the repetition of a word or phrase affect the Emphasis? (Introduction, pp. 31 and 32.)

How are the principal clauses in the first three sentences made prominent? (Introduction, p. 33.)

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

From "Tales of a Wayside Inn"

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition 5
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone. 10

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;

And he saw the Blessed Vision 15
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about Him,
Like a garment round Him thrown.
Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain, 20
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed, 25
When He walked in Galilee

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost. 30
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest.
Who am I, that thus Thou deignest
To reveal Thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of Thy glory Thou shouldst enter 35
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor 40
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat, 45

To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood; 50
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour. 55

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate, 60
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate? 65
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?
Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear
As if to the outward ear: 70
“Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!”

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent, 75

Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye 80
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavour, 85
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise, 90
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure; 95
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of Mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto Me!" 100

Unto Me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision, 105
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,
 Full of troublesome suggestion,
 As at length, with hurried pace,
 Toward his cell he turned his face, 110
 And beheld the convent bright
 With a supernatural light,
 Like a luminous cloud expanding
 Over floor and wall and ceiling.
 But he paused with awestruck feeling 115
 At the threshold of his door,
 For the Vision still was standing
 As he left it there before,
 When the convent bell appalling,
 From its belfry calling, calling, 120
 Summoned him to feed the poor.
 Through the long hour intervening
 It had waited his return,
 And he felt his bosom burn,
 Comprehending all the meaning, 125
 When the Blessed Vision said,
 "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

HADST, LIGHTENED, BRIGHT-
 ENED, REIGNEST, DEIGNEST, DI-
 VINEST. (Appendix, A, 3.)

ll. 29, 38-39, 78-79. (Ap-
 pendix, A, 4.)

How can the reader show
 that the first two lines are
 merely introductory?

Divide the poem proper into
 five parts, giving to each part
 a suggestive title. How can
 the reader make each part
 stand out by itself? (Introduc-
 tion, p. 10.)

Select the principal state-
 ment in each stanza and show
 how the voice may make it

prominent. (Introduction, p.
 33.)

What Inflection is placed on
 the principal statement? What
 Inflection on the subordinate
 phrases and clauses? (Intro-
 duction, p. 15.)

Select examples of momen-
 tary completeness from the
 poem.

ll. 19-22. What is the In-
 flection on these negative
 phrases? (Introduction, pp. 17
 and 18.)

What is the Inflection on the
 various questions throughout
 the poem? (Introduction, p. 18.)

THE VICAR'S FAMILY USE ART

From "The Vicar of Wakefield"

1. Whatever might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family was easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent, and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning; and while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote, long before they made their way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet, or sometimes in setting my two little ones to box, to make them *sharp*, as he called it; but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law, in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned, that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea ate short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering;

it was her fingers that gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the Squire that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which everybody saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not risen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt that he designed to become one of our family; my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

2. My wife and daughters happening to return a visit at neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us; and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner—for what could I do?—our next deliberation was to shew the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges—a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We

desired to have something in a brighter style; and after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was desired not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side; while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with an hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the Squire that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance

which had not occurred till the picture was finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

3. But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more malicious suggestions in many. The Squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honour too great to escape envy. Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expense, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons, who came as friends, to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports we always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition.

4. We once again, therefore, entered into a consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: as our principal object was to discover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of an husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not

found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if he did not prevent it by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which, though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

5. The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but they only retired to the next room, whence they could overhear the whole conversation. My wife artfully introduced it, by observing, that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the Squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands: "But heaven help," continued she, "the girls that have none! What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill? or what signifies all the virtue, and all the qualifications in the world, in this age of self-interest? It is not, What is she? but, What has she? is all the cry."

6. "Madam," returned he, "I highly approve the justice, as well as the novelty, of your remarks, and if I were a king, it should be otherwise. It should then, indeed, be fine times for the girls without fortunes: our two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide."

7. "Ah, sir," returned my wife, "you are pleased to be facetious: but I wish I were a queen, and then I

know where my eldest daughter should look for an husband. But now that you have put it into my head, seriously, Mr. Thornhill, can't you recommend me a proper husband for her? She is now nineteen years old, well grown and well educated, and, in my humble opinion, does not want for parts."

8. "Madam," replied he, "if I were to choose, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy. One with prudence, fortune, taste, and sincerity; such, madam, would be, in my opinion, the proper husband."—"Ay, sir," said she, "but do you know of any such person?"—"No, Madam," returned he, "it is impossible to know any person that deserves to be her husband: she's too great a treasure for one man's possession: she's a goddess! Upon my soul, I speak what I think, she's an angel!"—"Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl: but we have been thinking of marrying her to one of your tenants, whose mother is lately dead, and who wants a manager; you know whom I mean, Farmer Williams; a warm man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her good bread; and who has several times made her proposals" (which was actually the case); "but, sir," concluded she, "I should be glad to have your approbation of our choice."—"How, Madam," replied he, "my approbation!—my approbation of such a choice! Never. What! Sacrifice so much beauty, and sense, and goodness, to a creature insensible of the blessing! Excuse me, I can never approve of such a piece of injustice. And I have my reasons."—"Indeed, sir," cried Deborah, "If you have your reasons, that's another affair; but I should be glad to know those

reasons.”—“Excuse me, Madam,” returned he, “they lie too deep for discovery” (laying his hand upon his bosom); “they remain buried, rivetted here.”

9. After he was gone, upon a general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine; yet, whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of Farmer Williams, who, from my daughter's first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

— *Oliver Goldsmith*

ABSOLUTE, RESOLUTION. INTRODUCED. (Appendix, A, 2.) VISITS, NATIVE, INFINITELY, CUPIDS, VANITY, GRATIFYING, MORTIFYING, SANGUINE. (Appendix, A, 8.) UNFORTUNATE, FORTUNE, VIRTUE. (Appendix, A, 9.)

Show by numerous examples from this selection that the dependent clause of a sentence takes the rising Inflection—whilst the principal clause takes the falling. Which of the two

has the heavier shading? (Introduction, p. 33.)

How are such parenthetical clauses as AS HE DESIGNED, in the second sentence, kept in the back-ground? (Introduction, pp. 24 and 27.) Give similar examples from this selection.

What Inflection is placed on the rhetorical questions in par. v? (Introduction, p. 19.)

How is the effect of the climax in par. viii brought out? (Introduction, p. 31.)

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw, 5
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track; 10
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft, 15
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart. 20

“Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn;”
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

—Thomas Campbell

PREPARATORY.—Describe the picture suggested by this poem.

Compare the soldier's dream with the vision of *The Private of the Buffs* in the hour of danger, or with *The Slave's Dream* in Longfellow's poem.

Divide the poem into three distinct parts, giving to each a descriptive title.

Expand the thoughts contained in the last two lines of the poem, using, if possible, illustrations from literature or real life. What feelings do these lines arouse?

Observe the difficulties of Articulation in ll. 1, 2, 13 and 16. (Appendix A, 6 and 3.)	How can each part of the poem be made to stand out by itself? (Introduction, p. 10.)
---	--

That night Van Elsen kissed the baby feet,
 And kneeling by the narrow winding-sheet
 Praised him with fervent breath
 Who conquered death.

20

—*Frederick George Scott (By permission)*

By what means is the introductory line kept distinct from the rest of the poem? (Introduction, p. 10.)

How does the reader indicate the comparatively long space of time which elapses between the events of the first, second, and third stanzas respectively? (Introduction, p. 9.)

Show that each of the first three stanzas falls according to meaning, into two parts. How does the reader indicate this division?

Why should the last two stanzas, in this respect, be together treated as one of the preceding? Illustrate by means of Pause.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Conuil.
 Come away, come away,
 Hark to the summons!
 Come in your war array,
 Gentles and commons.

5

Come from deep glen, and
 From mountains so rocky,
 The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlocky.

10

Come every hill-plaid, and
 True heart that wears one
 Come every steel blade, and
 Strong hand that bears one.

15

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter;
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd
 The bride at the altar; 20
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges:
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broadswords and targes.

 Come as the winds come, when 25
 Forests are rended,
 Come as the waves come, when
 Navies are stranded;
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster, 30
 Chief, vassal, page and groom,
 Tenant and master.

 Fast they come, fast they come;
 See how they gather!
 Wide waves the eagle plume, 35
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set!
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
 Knell for the onset! 40

—*Sir Walter Scott*

HERD, UNINTERR'D. What sound has the vowel *e*? (Appendix A, 1.)

GENTLES AND COMMONS;
 NETS AND BARGES; FIGHTING
 GEAR; BROADSWORDS AND TAR-
 GES; FORESTS ARE RENDEd;
 NAVIES ARE STRANDED. (Ap-
 pendix A, 3 and 6.)

For Pause read Introduction, pp. 7 and 8.)

How is the gradually in-
 creasing excitement and energy
 indicated in Time, Pitch, and
 Force? (Introduction, pp. 13,
 23, and 27.)

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downwards
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village 5
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing, 10
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem, 15
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo 20
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet, 25
 Whose songs gushed from his heart,
 As showers from the clouds of summer,
 Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour, 30
 And nights devoid of ease,
 Still heard in his soul the music
 Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet 35
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume 40
 The poem of thy choice,
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day,
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

What is the atmosphere of this poem? Compare it in this respect with *Pibroch of Donuil Dhu*.

How does it differ from the latter in expression, so far as Time, Pitch, and Force are concerned? (Introduction, pp. 13, 22, and 26.)

WAFTED, AFTER, MASTERS,
 POEM, CORRIDORS, SORROW.
 (Appendix A, 1.)

Observe the difficulties of Articulation in ll. 3, 11, 15, 18, 22, 26, 28, and 31. (Appendix A, 3 and 6.)

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE BOYS

From "The Old Curiosity Shop"

1. The schoolmaster had scarcely arranged the room in due order, and taken his seat behind his desk, when a white-headed boy with a sunburnt face appeared at the door, and stopping there to make a rustic bow, came in and took his seat upon one of the forms. The white-headed boy then put an open book, astonishingly dog-eared, upon his knees, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, began counting the marbles with which they were filled. Soon afterwards another white-headed little boy came straggling in, and after him a red-headed lad, and after him two more with white heads, and then one with a flaxen poll, and so on until there were about a dozen boys in all, with heads of every colour but gray, and ranging in their ages from four years old to fourteen years or more; for the legs of the youngest were a long way from the floor when he sat upon the form, and the eldest was a heavy, good-tempered, foolish fellow, about half a head taller than the schoolmaster.

2. At the top of the first form—the post of honour in the school—was the vacant place of the little sick scholar, and at the head of the row of pegs on which the hats and caps were hung, one peg was left empty. No boy attempted to violate the sanctity of seat or peg, but many a one looked from the empty spaces to the schoolmaster, and whispered to his idle neighbour behind his hand.

3. Then began the hum of conning over lessons and getting them by heart, the whispered jest and stealthy

game, and all the noise and drawl of school; and in the midst of the din sat the poor schoolmaster, the very image of meekness and simplicity, vainly attempting to fix his mind upon the duties of the day, and to forget his little sick friend. But the tedium of his office reminded him more strongly of the willing scholar, and his thoughts were rambling from his pupils—it was plain. None knew this better than the idlest boys, who, growing bolder with impunity, waxed louder and more daring—eating apples under the master's eye, pinching each other in sport or malice, and cutting their autographs in the very legs of his desk. The puzzled dunce, who stood beside it to say his lesson out of book, looked no longer at the ceiling for forgotten words, but drew closer to the master's elbow and boldly cast his eyes upon the page. If the master did chance to rouse himself and seem alive to what was going on, the noise subsided for a moment, and no eyes met his but wore a studious and deeply humble look; but, the instant he relapsed again, it broke out afresh, and ten times louder than before.

4. Oh, how some of those idle fellows longed to be outside, and how they looked at the open door and window, as if they half meditated rushing violently out, plunging into the woods, and being wild boys and savages from that time forth. What rebellious thoughts of the cool river, and some shady bathing-place beneath willow-trees with branches dipping in the water, kept tempting and urging that sturdy boy, who sat fanning his flushed face with a spelling-book wishing himself a whale, or a fly, or anything but a boy at school on that hot, broiling day!

5. Heat! Ask that other boy, whose seat being

nearest the door gave him opportunities of gliding out into the garden and driving his companions to madness by dipping his face into the bucket of the well and then rolling on the grass—ask him if there were ever such a day as that, when even the bees were diving deep down into the cups of flowers and stopping there, as if they had made up their minds to retire from business and be manufacturers of honey no more. The day was made for laziness, and lying on one's back in green places, and staring at the sky till its brightness forced one to shut one's eyes and go to sleep; and was this a time to be poring over musty books in a dark room, slighted by the very sun itself? Monstrous!

6. The lessons over, writing-time began; and there being but one desk and that the master's, each boy sat at it in turn and laboured at his crooked copy, while the master walked about. This was a quieter time; for he would come and look over the writer's shoulder, and tell him mildly to observe how such a letter was turned in such a copy on the wall, and bid him take it for his model. Then he would stop and tell them what the sick child had said last night, and how he had longed to be among them once again; and such was the schoolmaster's gentle and affectionate manner that the boys seemed quite remorseful that they had worried him so much, and were absolutely quiet; eating no apples, cutting no names, inflicting no pinches, for full two minutes afterwards.

7. "I think, boys," said the schoolmaster, when the clock struck twelve, "that I shall give an extra half-holiday this afternoon."

8. At this intelligence the boys, led on and headed by the tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which

the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard. As he held up his hand, however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were considerate enough to leave off, as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of breath.

9. "You must promise me first," said the schoolmaster, "that you'll not be noisy, or, at least, if you are, that you'll go away and be so—away out of the village, I mean. I'm sure you wouldn't disturb your old play-mate and companion."

10. There was a general murmur in the negative.

11. "Then, pray, don't forget—there's my dear scholars," said the schoolmaster—"what I have asked you, and do it as a favour to me. Be as happy as you can, and likewise be mindful that you are blessed with health. Good-bye, all!"

12. "Thank you, sir," and "Good-bye, sir," were said a great many times in a variety of voices, and the boys went out very slowly and softly.

13. But there was the sun shining and there were the birds singing, as the sun only shines and the birds only sing on holidays and half-holidays; there were the trees waving to all free boys to climb and nestle among their leafy branches; the hay, entreating them to come and scatter it in the pure air; the green corn, gently beckoning toward wood and stream; the smooth ground rendered smoother still by blending lights and shadows, inviting to runs and leaps, and long walks no one knows whither. It was more than boy could bear, and with a joyous whoop the whole company took to their heels and spread themselves about, shouting and laughing as they went.

14. "It's natural, thank heaven!" said the poor

schoolmaster, looking after them. "I'm very glad they didn't mind me!"

—Charles Dickens

Par. 1. DUE. (Appendix A, 2.)

Indicate the pauses required to allow time for the Imaging process. Discriminate between the short and the long pauses. (Introduction, pp. 8 and 11.)

ORDER, DESK, DOOR. Account for the Inflection on each of these words. (Introduction, pp. 15 and 16.)

What clause in the first sentence should be made most prominent? Indicate the relative value of each part of this sentence by the Shading. (Introduction, p. 33.)

Par. 2. What two phrases suggest the central idea of this paragraph?

How does the voice indicate that the parenthetical clause is subordinate in thought? (Introduction, pp. 24 and 33.)

Par. 3. SIMPLICITY, IMPUNITY, STUDIOUS. (Appendix A, 8 and 2.)

DID CHANCE. What is the emphatic word? Why?

Read the last two sentences with a view to Perspective. (Introduction, p. 33.)

NO EYES MET HIS . . .
How does the Inflection on

HIS indicate the exact meaning? (Introduction, p. 16.)

Par. 4. Give examples of Grouping in the last sentence and show how Grouping affects the Pause. (Introduction, p. 11.)

Par. 5. WHOSE SEAT—GRASS. What is the Shading? Indicate the pauses in this group of words giving your reason in each case.

What Inflection is placed on the question in the last sentence? Account for it. (Introduction, p. 19.)

Par. 6. WRITER'S SHOULDER, BOYS SEEMED, ABSOLUTELY. (Appendix A, 6, 2.)

Give examples of Grouping in the second sentence.

BID HIM TAKE IT FOR HIS MODEL. Which is the emphatic word? Why?

Par. 7. How is I THINK, BOYS connected with the rest of the speech? Apply this principle to other examples of direct speech interrupted by narrative. (Introduction, p. 24.)

Par. 9. IF YOU ARE . . . BE SO. Select the two emphatic words and give your reason for emphasizing them. (Introduction, p. 30.)

THE KNIGHTS' CHORUS

From "Idylls of the King"

Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May;
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away!
Blow thro' the living world—Let the King reign.

Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm?
Flash brand and lance, fall battleaxe upon helm, 5
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign.

Strike for the King and live! his knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign.

Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the dust! 10
Blow trumpet! live the strength, and die the lust!
Clang battleaxe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.

Strike for the King and die! and if thou diest,
The King is King, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battleaxe, and clash brand! Let the king reign. 15

Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May!
Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day!
Clang battleaxe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.

The King will follow Christ, and we the King
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing. 20
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign.

—*Alfred Tennyson*

How do you describe this poem from the standpoint of (1) the amount of energy, (2) excitement or nervous tension? With what Force and in what Pitch should it be read? (Introduction, pp. 22 and 25.)

Account for the Time in which it is read. (Introduction, p. 13.)

What is the purpose of the question in stanza ii? How is this purpose indicated by the Inflection? (Introduction, p. 19.)

THE NORTHERN STAR

A Tynemouth Ship

The Northern Star
 Sail'd over the bar
 Bound to the Baltic Sea;
 In the morning gray
 She stretched away:— 5
 'Twas a weary day to me!

For many an hour
 In sleet and shower
 By the lighthouse rock I stray;
 And watch till dark 10
 For the wingéd bark
 Of him that is far away.

The castle's bound
 I wander round
 Amidst the grassy graves: 15
 But all I hear
 Is the north-wind drear,
 And all I see are the waves.

The Northern Star
 Is set afar! 20
 Set in the Baltic Sea:

And the waves have spread
 The sandy bed
 That holds my Love from me.

— *Unknown*

PREPARATORY.—Tell the story of the poem, making as vivid as possible the scenes depicted. Compare Kingsley's *Three Fishers*, and Lucy Larcom's *Hannah binding Shoes*.

Compare this poem with *The Knights' Chorus* from the standpoint of the amount of energy. How is the difference between the two indicated vocally by the Force? (Introduction, p. 26.)

What is the difference in nervous tension between the last stanza and the preceding ones? What difference in Pitch? (Introduction, p. 23.)

Account for the Time in which it is read. (Introduction, p. 14.)

11. WINGÉD, with sails.

15. TYNEMOUTH CASTLE used as a graveyard.

THE INDIGO BIRD

When I see,
 High on the tip-top twig of a tree,
 Something blue by the breezes stirred,
 But so far up that the blue is blurred,
 So far up no green leaf flies 5
 Twixt its blue and the blue of the skies,
 Then I know, ere a note be heard,
 That is naught but the Indigo bird.

Blue on the branch and blue in the sky,
 And naught between but the breezes high, 10
 And naught so blue by the breezes stirred
 As the deep, deep blue of the Indigo bird.

When I hear
 A song like a bird laugh, blithe and clear,

As though of some airy jest he had heard 15
 The last and the most delightful word,
 A laugh as fresh in the August haze
 As it was in the full-voiced April days;
 Then I know that my heart is stirred
 By the laugh-like song of the Indigo bird. 20

Joy in the branch and joy in the sky,
 And naught between but the breezes high;
 And naught so glad on the breezes heard
 As the gay, gay note of the Indigo bird.

—*Ethelwyn Welherald* (By permission)

PREPARATORY.—Suggest a picture which would serve as an illustration for this poem.

How does the Imaging affect the Pitch in the first two stanzas?

What feelings does the poem arouse? Where do these feelings reach a Climax? What is the effect on the Pitch?

What other Climax is found in the poem besides the Climax of feeling?

FAR, LAUGH, BRANCH, GLAD.
 (Appendix A, 1.)

BREEZES STIRRED. (Appendix
 A, 6.)

What is the Inflection on ll.
 1-6 of stanza i and iii?
 (Introduction, p. 17.) How
 does the Pitch of these lines
 differ from that of ll. 7 and 8

of these stanzas? Account
 for the change. (Introduction,
 p. 23.)

What are the contrasting
 words in l. 6, stanza i?

Note the Grouping and
 Pause in ll. 3 and 4, stanza
 iii.

THE PASTURE FIELD

When spring has burned

The ragged robe of winter, stitch by stitch,
 And deftly turned

To moving melody the wayside ditch,
 The pale-green pasture field behind the bars 5
 Is goldened o'er with dandelion stars.

When summer keeps

Quick pace with sinewy, white-shirted arms,
And daily steep

In sunny splendour all her spreading farms, 10
The pasture field is flooded foamy white
With daisy faces looking at the light.

When autumn lays

Her golden wealth upon the forest floor,
And all the days 15

Look backward at the days that went before,
A pensive company, the asters, stand,
Their blue eyes brightening the pasture land.

When winter lifts

A sounding trumpet to his strenuous lips, 20
And shapes the drifts

To curves of transient loveliness, he slips
Upon the pasture's ineffectual brown
A swan-soft vestment delicate as down.

—*Ethelwyn Wetherald* (By permission)

PREPARATORY.—Select the phrases which call into play the Imaging process.

Describe four typical Canadian scenes suggested by this poem.

Distinguish the sound of *a* in PASTURE, RAGGED, BARS, etc. (Appendix A, 1.)

What words express the central ideas in each stanza, and at the same time form a contrast with one another?

What Inflection is used in the first four lines of each stanza? Introduction, p. 16.)

How does the Shading of these lines compare with that of the last two of each stanza? (Introduction, p. 33.)

SHIPWRECKED

From "Kidnapped"

1. The time I spent upon the island is still so horrible a thought to me that I must pass it lightly over. In all the books I have read of people cast away, either they had their pockets full of tools, or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach along with them, as if on purpose. My case was very much different. I had nothing in my pockets but money and Alan's silver button; and being inland bred, I was as much short of knowledge as of means.

2. I knew indeed that shellfish were counted good to eat; and among the rocks of the isle I found a great plenty of limpets, which at first I could scarcely strike from their places, not knowing quickness to be needful. There were, besides, some of the little shells that we call buckies; I think periwinkle is the English name. Of these two I made my whole diet, devouring them cold and raw as I found them; and so hungry was I that at first they seemed to me delicious.

3. Perhaps they were out of season, or perhaps there was something wrong in the sea about my island. But at least I had no sooner eaten my first meal than I was seized with giddiness and retching, and lay for a long time no better than dead. A second trial of the same food (indeed, I had no other) did better with me and revived my strength.

4. But as long as I was on the island, I never knew what to expect when I had eaten; sometimes all was

well, and sometimes I was thrown into a miserable sickness; nor could I ever distinguish what particular fish it was that hurt me. All day it streamed rain; there was no dry spot to be found; and when I lay down that night, between two boulders that made a kind of roof, my feet were in a bog.

5. From a little up the hillside over the bay I could catch a sight of the great ancient church and the roofs of the people's houses in Iona. And on the other hand, over the low country of the Ross, I saw smoke go up, morning and evening, as if from a homestead in a hollow of the land.

6. I used to watch this smoke, when I was wet and cold and had my head half-turned with loneliness, and think of the fireside and of the company till my heart burned. Altogether, this sight I had of men's homes and comfortable lives, although it put a point on my own sufferings, yet it kept hope alive, and helped me to eat my raw shellfish (which had soon grown to be a disgust), and saved me from the sense of horror I had whenever I was quite alone with dead rocks, and fowls, and the rain, and the cold sea.

7. Charles the Second declared a man could stay outdoors more days in the year in the climate of England than in any other. That was very like a king with a palace at his back and changes of dry clothes. But he must have had better luck on his flight from Worcester than I had on that miserable isle. It was the height of summer; yet it rained for more than twenty-four hours, and did not clear until the afternoon of the third day.

8. There is a pretty high rock on the north-west of Earraid, which (because it had a flat top and overlooked the Sound) I was much in the habit of frequenting; not

that I ever stayed in one place, save when asleep, my misery giving me no rest. Indeed, I wore myself down with continual and aimless goings and comings in the rain.

9. As soon, however, as the sun came out, I lay down on the top of that rock to dry myself. The comfort of the sunshine is a thing I cannot tell. It set me thinking hopefully of my deliverance, of which I had begun to despair; and I scanned the sea and the Ross with a fresh interest. On the south of my rock a part of the island jutted out and hid the open ocean so that a boat could thus come quite near me upon that side and I be none the wiser.

10. Well, all of a sudden, a coble, with a brown sail and a pair of fishers aboard of it, came flying round that corner of the isle, bound for Iona. I shouted out, and then fell on my knees on the rock and prayed to them. They were near enough to hear—I could even see the colour of their hair—and there was no doubt but they observed me, for they cried out in the Gaelic tongue, and laughed. But the boat never turned aside, and flew right on, before my eyes, for Iona.

11. I could not believe such wickedness, and ran along the shore from rock to rock, crying on them piteously; even after they were out of reach of my voice I still cried and waved to them; and when they were quite gone I thought my heart would burst.

12. The next day (which was the fourth of this horrible life of mine) I found my bodily strength run very low. But the sun shone, the air was sweet, and what I managed to eat of the shellfish agreed well with me and revived my courage.

13. I was scarce back on my rock (where I went

always the first thing after I had eaten) before I observed a boat coming down the Sound, and with her head, as I thought, in my direction.

14. I began at once to hope and fear exceedingly; for I thought these men might have thought better of their cruelty and be coming back to my assistance. But another disappointment, such as yesterday's, was more than I could bear. I turned my back accordingly upon the sea, and did not look again till I had counted many hundreds.

15. The boat was still heading for the island. The next time I counted the full thousand, as slowly as I could, my heart beating so as to hurt me. And then it was out of all question. She was coming straight to Earraid. I could no longer hold myself back, but ran to the seaside and out, from one rock to another, as far as I could go. It is a marvel I was not drowned; for when I was brought to a stand at last my legs shook under me, and my mouth was so dry I must wet it with the sea water before I was able to shout.

16. All this time the boat was coming on; and now I was able to perceive it was the same boat and the same two men as yesterday. This I knew by their hair, which the one had of bright yellow and the other black. But now there was a third man along with them, who looked to be of a better class.

17. As soon as they were come within easy speech, they let down their sail and lay quiet. In spite of my supplications, they drew no nearer in, and what frightened me most of all, the new man tee-heed with laughter as he talked and looked at me.

18. Then he stood up in the boat and addressed me a long while, speaking fast and with many wavings of

his hand. I told him I had no Gaelic; and at this he became very angry, and I began to suspect he thought he was talking English. Listening very close, I caught the word "whateffer" several times; but all the rest was Gaelic, and might have been Greek and Hebrew for me.

19. "Whatever," said I, to show him I had caught a word. "Yes, yes—yes, yes," said he; and then he looked at the other men as much as to say, "I told you I spoke English," and began again as hard as ever in the Gaelic.

20. This time I picked out another word, "tide." Then I had a flash of hope. I remembered he was always waving his hand toward the mainland of the Ross.

21. "Do you mean when the tide is out?"—I cried, and could not finish.

22. "Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

23. At that I turned tail upon their boat (where my adviser had once more begun to tee-hee with laughter), leaped back the way I had come, from one stone to another, and set off running across the isle as I had never run before. In about half an hour I came upon the shores of the creek, and, sure enough, it was shrunk into a little trickle of water, through which I dashed, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the main island.

24. A sea-bred boy would not have stayed a day on Earraid, which is only what they call a tidal islet, and, except in the bottom of the neaps, can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours, either dry-shod, or, at the most, by wading. Even I, who had seen the tide going out and in before me in the bay, and even watched for the ebbs, the better to get my shellfish—

even I (I say), if I had sat down to think, instead of raging at my fate, must have soon guessed the secret and got free.

25. It was no wonder the fishers had not understood me. The wonder was rather that they had ever guessed my pitiful illusion, and taken the trouble to come back. I had starved with cold and hunger on that island for close upon one hundred hours. But for the fishers, I might have left my bones there, in pure folly. And even as it was, I had paid for it pretty dear, not only in past sufferings but, in my present case, being clothed like a beggar man, scarce able to walk, and in great pain of my sore throat.

26. I have seen wicked men and fools—a great many of both—and I believe they both get paid in the end; but the fools first.

—Robert Louis Stevenson (*By arrangement*)

How are the parenthetical clauses in this selection kept in the back-ground? (Introduction, p. 24.)

WOULD BURST. Observe the Climax. (Introduction, p. 31.)

19. WHATEVER, SAID I. . . . How is the direct speech made to stand out from the narration which interrupts it? (Introduction, p. 24.)

11. I COULD NOT BELIEVE SUCH WICKEDNESS . . . HEART

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent

Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,

And that one talent which is death to hide,

Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present

My true account, lest He, returning, chide;

“Doth God exact day labour, light denied?”

I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts. Who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

—Milton

PREPARATORY.—Divide the sonnet into two parts, giving each part a title.

Read the first part in prose order, supplying the ellipses.
 How many distinct statements are there in the second part?

Select the clauses of the first part that are equal in rank and have the same Shading. Show which should be made prominent, and which held in the background.

1-4. With what do you connect WHEN . . . SPENT, and LODGED? How?

How do you make the statements of the second part stand out singly? (Introduction, pp. 8 and 10.)

Read the first part of this sonnet, with a view to Perspective. (Introduction, p. 33.)

BRIGGS IN LUCK

From "Doctor Birch and his Young Friends"

Enter the Knife-boy. Hamper for Briggses!

Master Brown. Hurray, Tom Briggs! I'll lend you my knife.

If this story does not carry its own moral, what fable does, I wonder? Before the arrival of that hamper, Master Briggs was in no better repute than any other young gentleman of the lower school; and in fact I had occasion myself, only lately, to correct Master Brown for kicking his friend's shins during the writing-lesson. But how this basket, directed by his mother's house-keeper, and marked "GLASS WITH CARE," whence I concluded that it contained some jam and some bottles

of wine probably, as well as the usual cake and game-pie, and half a sovereign for the elder Master B., and five new shillings for Master Decimus Briggs—how, I say, the arrival of this basket alters all Master Briggs's circumstances in life, and the estimation in which many persons regard him!

If he is a good-hearted boy, as I have reason to think, the very first thing he will do, before inspecting the contents of the hamper, or cutting into them with the knife which Master Brown has so considerately lent him, will be to read over the letter from home which lies on top of the parcel. He does so, as I remarked to Miss Raby (for whom I happened to be mending pens when the little circumstance arose), with a flushed face and winking eyes. Look how the other boys are peering into the basket as he reads—I say to her, “Isn't it a pretty picture?” Part of the letter is in a very large hand. That is from his little sister. And I would wager that she netted the little purse which he has just taken out of it, and which Master Lynx is eyeing.

“You are a droll man, and remark all sorts of queer things,” Miss Raby says, smiling, and plying her swift needle and fingers as quick as possible.

“I am glad we were both on the spot, and that the little fellow lies under our guns as it were, and so is protected from some such brutal school-pirate as young Duval for instance, who would rob him, probably, of some of those good things; good in themselves, and better because fresh from home. See, there is a pie as I said, and which I daresay is better than those which are served at our table (but you never take any notice of these kind of things, Miss Raby), a cake, of course, a bottle of currant wine, jam-pots, and no end of pears

in the straw. With this money little Briggs will be able to pay the tick which that impudent child has run up with Mrs. Ruggles; and I shall let Briggs Major pay for the pencil-case which Bullock sold to him.—It will be a lesson to the young prodigal for the future.

But, I say, what a change there will be in his life for some time to come, and at least until his present wealth is spent! The boys who bully him will mollify toward him and accept his pie and sweetmeats. They will have feasts in the bedroom; and that wine will taste more deliciously to them than the best out of the Doctor's cellar. The cronies will be invited. Young Master Wagg will tell his most dreadful story and sing his best song for a slice of that pie. What a jolly night they will have! When we go the rounds at night, Mr. Prince and I will take care to make a noise before we come to Briggs's room, so that the boys may have time to put the light out, to push the things away, and to scud into bed. Doctor Spry may be put in requisition the next morning."

"Nonsense! you absurd creature," cries out Miss Raby, laughing; and I lay down the twelfth pen very nicely mended.

"Yes; after luxury comes the doctor, I say; after extravagance, a hole in the breeches pocket. To judge from his disposition, Briggs Major will not be much better off a couple of days hence than he is now, and, if I am not mistaken, will end life a poor man. Brown will be kicking his shins before a week is over, depend upon it. There are boys and men of all sorts, Miss R.—there are selfish sneaks who hoard until the store they daren't use grows mouldy—there are spendthrifts who fling away, parasites who flatter and lick its shoes, and

snarling curs who hate and envy good fortune."

I put down the last of the pens, brushing away with it the quill chips from her desk first, and she looked at me with a kind, wondering face. I brushed them away, clicked the pen-knife into my pocket, made her a bow, and walked off—for the bell was ringing for school.

— William Makepeace Thackeray

MASTER, BASKET, GLASS,
HALF, AFTER. (Appendix A, 1.)
FRIEND'S SHINS, SELFISH
SNEAKS, SPENDTHRIFTS. (Ap-
pendix A, 3 and 6.)

Make an analysis from the
standpoint of Perspective of

the following sentences: BUT
HOW THIS BASKET . . REGARD
HIM; IF HE IS A GOOD-HEARTED
BOY . . . PARCEL; HE DOES
SO . . . WINKING EYES; SEE
THERE IS A PIE . . . STRAW.

THE LAUGHING SALLY

A wind blew up from Pernambuco,
(Yeo heave ho! the *Laughing Sally*!
Hi yeo, heave away!)

A wind blew out of the east-sou'-east
And boomed at the break of day. 5

The *Laughing Sally* sped for her life,
And a speedy craft was she.
The black flag flew at her top to tell
How she took toll of the sea.

The wind blew up from Pernambuco; 10
And in the breast of the blast
Came the King's black ship like a hound let slip
On the trail of the *Sally* at last.

For a day and a night, a night and a day;
Over the blue, blue round, 15

Went on the chase of the pirate quarry,
The hunt of the tireless hound.

“Land on the port bow!” came the cry;
And the *Sally* raced for shore,
Till she reached the bar at the river-mouth 20
Where the shallow breakers roar.

She passed the bar by a secret channel
With clear tide under her keel,—
For he knew the shoals like an open book,
The captain at the wheel. 25

She passed the bar, she sped like a ghost,
Till her sails were hid from view
By the tall, liana'd, unsunned boughs
O'erbrooding the dark bayou.

At moonrise up to the river-mouth 30
Came the King's black ship of war,
The red cross flapped in wrath at her peak,
But she could not cross the bar.

And while she lay in the run of the seas,
By the grimmest whim of chance, 35
Out of the bay to the north came forth
Two battle-ships of France.

On the English ship the twain bore down
Like wolves that range by night;
And the breakers' roar was heard no more 40
In the thunder of the fight.

The crash of the broadsides rolled and stormed
To the *Sally* hid from view
Under the tall liana'd boughs
Of the moonless dark bayou.

45

A boat ran out for news of the fight,
And this was the word she brought—
“The King’s ship fights the ships of France
As the King’s ships all have fought!”

Then muttered the mate, “I’m a man of Devon!” 50
And the captain thundered then—
“There’s English rope that bides for our necks,
But we all be Englishmen!”

The *Sally* glided out of the gloom
And down the moon-white river.
She stole like a gray shark over the bar
Where the long surf seethes for ever.

55

She hove to under a high French hull,
And the red cross rose to her peak.
The French were looking for fight that night, 60
And they hadn’t far to seek.

Blood and fire on the streaming decks,
And fire and blood below;
The heat of hell, and the reek of hell,
And the dead men laid a-row!

65

And when the stars paled out of heaven
And the red dawn-rays uprushed,

The oaths of battle, the crash of timbers,
The roar of the guns was hushed.

With one foe beaten under his bow, 70
The other far in flight,
The English captain turned to look
For his fellow in the fight.

The English captain turned and stared;—
For where the *Sally* had been 75
Was a single spar upthrust from the sea
With the red cross flag serene!

.

A wind blew up from Pernambuco
(Yeo heave ho! the *Laughing Sally*!
Hi yeo, heave away!)
And boomed for the doom of the *Laughing Sally*!
Gone down at the break of day.

—Charles G. D. Roberts (By arrangement)

PREPARATORY.—Divide the poem into sections giving to each part a descriptive title. (Introduction, p. 10.) How is each section made to stand out?

In what Time is the section which describes the flight of the *Laughing Sally* read? Give your reason. (Introduction, pp. 5 and 13.)

Contrast the first and last stanzas from the standpoint of feeling. How does the voice express the difference?

BLEW, KNEW, NEWS, KING'S
SHIP, SEETHES, AND. (Appendix A, 2, 3, 5, and 6.)

Distinguish the sound of *a* in LAUGHING SALLY, CRAFT, LAST, PASSED, WRATH, CHANCE, CRASH, DARK, FAR, DAWN. (Appendix A, 1.)

8-9. Note the Grouping and Pause. (Introduction, p. 11.)

11-13. Observe the Grouping. Which phrases have the heaviest Shading? Introduction, p. 33.)

16 Where is the Pause?
Why?

18. LAND ON THE PORT BOW.
What change is made in Pitch
and Force? Account for it.
(Introduction, pp. 22 and 25.)

24. What is the Inflection
on this line?

30-37. Observe the Grouping
and Shading throughout these
stanzas.

38-45. What sense is appeal-

ed to in these stanzas? How
is the Time affected?

46-53. How are the tran-
sitions to direct discourse indi-
cated? (Introduction, p. 24.)

What is the difference in
Pitch between the mate's and
the captain's speech? (Intro-
duction, p. 23.)

66-67. Note the contrast
with the preceding stanza and
with the two following lines.

THE PRODIGAL SON

Luke xv. 11-32

A certain man had two sons: And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry; For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.-- And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard musick and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out, and intreated him. And he answering said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad, for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

PREPARATORY.—Divide this parable into four parts, giving each part a descriptive title.

Describe pictures to illustrate each part.

Connect the parable with any similar story drawn from modern life. Fill in details to account for (a) the prodigal's

desire to leave home, (b) the father's great joy at his return, (c) the elder brother's jealousy.

HOW MANY HIRED SERVANTS, ETC. What are the prodigal's feelings? What new feeling is introduced with (a) I WILL ARISE, ETC.? (b) FATHER, I HAVE SINNED, ETC.?

In what Time and Pitch do you read the passages which describe the father's joy? (Introduction, pp. 12 and 22.)

What feeling pervades the speech of the elder son? What

is the motive of the father's reply?

Explain the Emphasis in the following; (a) AND HE SENT HIM; (b) AND I PERISH; (c) NOW HIS ELDER SON; (d) THEREFORE CAME HIS FATHER OUT; (e) THOU NEVER GAVEST ME A KID. (Introduction, pp. 30 and 31.)

Explain the Inflection on DEAD, ALIVE, LOST, FOUND.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

The sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked hand;

The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce could stand;

The wind was a nor'-wester, blowing squally off the sea;
And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things
a-lee.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the break of
day; 5

But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how ill we
lay.

We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a shout,
And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go
about.

All day we tacked and tacked between the South Head
and the North;

All day we hauled the frozen sheets, and got no further
forth; 10

All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
For very life and nature we tacked from Head to Head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race
roared,

But every tack we made we brought the North Head
close aboard;

So's we saw cliffs and houses, and the breakers running
high, 15

And the coast-guard in his garden, with his glass against
his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean
foam;

The good red fires were burning bright in every 'long-
shore home;

The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volleyed
out;

And I vow we sniffed the victuals, as the vessel went
about. 20

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty
jovial cheer;

For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in
the year)

This day of our adversity was blessèd Christmas morn,
And the house above the coast-guard's was the house
where I was born.

O well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces
there, 25

My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves,
Go dancing round the china plates that stand upon the
shelves.

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was
of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son that went
to sea; 30
And O the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessed Christ-
mas day.

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall.
"All hands to loose topgallant sails," I heard the
captain call.
"Captain, she'll never stand it," our first mate, Jackson,
cried. 35
"It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson," he replied.

She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were new
and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she
understood.
As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the
night,
We cleared the weary headland, and passed below the
light. 40

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board
but me,
As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to
sea;

But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,

Was just that I was leaving home, and my folks were growing old.

—Robert Louis Stevenson (By arrangement)

PREPARATORY.—Supply an introduction and a conclusion for the story suggested by this poem.

Indicate the pauses which should be made in this poem after words and phrases: (a) because of the Imaging process, (b) in order to conceive the thought more fully, (c) in passing from the narration of one action to that of another, (d) because of direct speech interrupted by narrative. (Introduction, pp. 7, 24, and 27.)

20 and 22. Indicate the Pause before phrases to prepare the mind for what is coming. (Introduction, p. 8.) What Inflection is used as a connecting link? (Introduction, p. 16.)

27. FIRELIGHT. With what should it be connected? How? (Introduction, p. 24.)

34. ALL HANDS . . SAILS.
What change in Pitch and
Force? (Introduction, pp. 22
and 26.)

40. What is the Shading?
(Introduction, p. 33.)

Compare the mental state of the captain with that of the first mate. How is the difference indicated in the Pitch of their respective speeches? (Introduction, p. 22.)

Connect stanzas vii and viii with the last two lines of the poem. What background of thought is suggested? How is the rate of reading affected by the thoughts suggested? (Introduction, p. 14.)

THE EVENING WIND

Spirit that breakest through my lattice, thou

That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,

Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow:

Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,

Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,

Roughening their crests, and scattering high their
spray,

And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone;—a thousand bosoms round
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight; 10
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
 Livelier at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
 Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth, 15
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
 Summoning from the innumerable boughs 20
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
 Pleasant shall be thy way, where meekly bows
The shutting flower and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head 25
 To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
 His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep, 30
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go,—but the circle of eternal change,
 Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range, 35

Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more;
 Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
 And, listening to thy murmur, he shall dream
 He hears the rustling leaf and running stream. 40

—William Cullen Bryant

PREPARATORY.—Describe fully the picture suggested by (a) the first three lines of stanza i, (b) the last four lines of stanza i, (c) stanza ii. Give to each a suitable title.

1, 2, and 6. (Appendix A, 3, 4, and 8.)

1. THOU. What is the Inflection?

6. How does the sound accord with the sense?

15. GO FORTH . . GO FORTH. Where is the Emphasis? (Introduction, p. 31.)

19-21. What feeling is aroused? How is the Quality of voice affected? (Introduction, p. 34.)

25-32. What change in Time? Account for it. (Introduction, p. 13.)

31. What atmosphere is created in this line? What Quality of voice is the result? What lines in the last stanza have the same atmosphere? (Introduction, p. 34.)

36. With what should THEE be connected? In what way?

33-36. What portions are read in lighter Shading? (Introduction, p. 33.)

PARADISE AND THE PERI

From "Lalla Rookh"

One morn a Peri at the gate
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
 And as she listened to the Springs
 Of Life within, like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings 5
 Through the half-open portal glowing,
 She wept to think her recreant race
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
 "Are the holy spirits who wander there, 10
 'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
 Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
 And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
 One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping 15
 The Gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
 And, as he nearer drew and listened
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies 20
 On the blue flower, which—Brahmins say—
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.
 "Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"
 Gently he said,—"One hope is thine.
 'Tis written in the Book of Fate, 25
 The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!
 Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin:
 'Tis sweet to let the Pardoned in!" 30

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
 And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand
 Alone, beside his native river,—
 The red blade broken in his hand, 35
 And the last arrow in his quiver.
 "Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
 The trophies and the crowns I bear!"

Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood 40
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to th' invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell! 45
Yet marked the Peri where he lay,
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last,
Last glorious drop his heart had shed, 50
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light."
"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand, 55
"Sweet is our welcome of the brave
Who die thus for their native land.—
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than e'en this drop the boon must be, 60
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee!"

But nought can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad, her wings are weary.

When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,

The beautiful blue damsel-flies
That fluttered round the jasmine stems, 70
Like wingèd flowers or flying gems:
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink 75
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath daybeam burned 80
Upon a brow more fierce than that.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets! 85
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God 90
From purity's own cherub mouth.

And how felt he, the wretched man,
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life, 95
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?
"There was a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child!

When, young and haply pure as thou, 100
I looked and prayed like thee—but now—”
He hung his head—each nobler aim,
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood’s hour, that instant came
Fresh o’er him, and he wept—he wept! 105

And now, behold him kneeling there
By the child’s side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven 110
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

’Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star, 115
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner’s cheek:
To mortal eye that light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well th’ enraptured Peri knew 120
’Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven’s gate, to hail that tear—
Her harbinger of glory near!
“Joy, joy for ever! my task is done:
The Gates are passed, and Heaven is won!” 125

—Thomas Moore

PREPARATORY.—Divide this selection into four scenes, describing minutely each scene, and pointing out what part of the poem it covers. (Introduction, p. 10.)

What feelings are aroused by each scene?

SPIRIT, NATIVE, PURITY. (Appendix A, 8.)

1-4. Give two examples of Grouping from these lines. Give numerous other examples throughout the selection, and show how Grouping affects the Inflection and Pause. (Introduction, pp. 10-12.)

3-7. Read with a view to Perspective. Select other examples, noting especially ll. 17-22, 47-51, 72-77, and 112-117.

(Introduction, p. 33.)

9. EXCLAIMED THIS CHILD OF AIR. (Introduction, pp. 24 and 27.) Give other examples of direct discourse broken by narration.

54 and 56. SWEET . . . SWEET. Which word is more emphatic? (Introduction, p. 31.) Compare l. 105.

84. With what should IS RISING be connected? How? Compare UPON THE TEAR, l. 116.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

On either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
 And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot;
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Thro' the wave that runs for ever
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
 Overlook a space of flowers,
 And the silent isle embowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd

Skimming down to Camelot:
But who has seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,

Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay

To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,

Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,

And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain and down she lay;

The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer;
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

—Alfred Tennyson

PREPARATORY.—Compare the poet's treatment of the story of *The Lady of Shalott* with that given in *Lancelot and Elaine*.

Combine the smaller pictures in this poem into a number of larger ones.

Give to the larger pictures titles which suggest the different stages in the development of the story.

Exercises in Articulation. (Appendix A. See Examples)

PART I

Stanza i, ll. 1 and 4. Where is the Pause in each line? Why? (Introduction, p. 11.)

Stanza iii, ll. 1 and 2. Account for the change in Time. (Introduction, p. 13.)

2. Where is the Pause?

6-9. What is the Inflection in these questions? (Introduction, p. 19.)

Stanza iv, l. 3. HEAR. With what word should this be connected? How? (Introduction, p. 16.) Note the Shading.

6. Where are the Pauses in this line? Account for them.

8-9. In what Quality of voice are these lines read? (Introduction, p. 6.) Compare from this standpoint the last lines of Parts II, III, and IV.

PART II

Stanza i, ll. 3-5. Note the spontaneous imitation. (Introduction, pp. 5 and 6.)

AND THERE THE SURLY . . . TWO AND TWO. Note the three separate groups of passers-by. Which group has the most significance in its bearing on the rest of the poem? How does

the voice indicate this relative significance? (Introduction, pp. 24 and 30.)

Stanza iii, l. 8. How is the transition made effective? (Introduction, pp. 8, 9, and 25.)

Stanza iv, FOR OFTEN . . . CAMELOT. . . Observe the Shading. (Introduction, p. 33.)

PART III

HIS SHIELD, RODE DOWN,
ARMOUR RUNG, SADDLE-LEATHER,
COAL-BLACK CURLS. (Appendix
A, 6.)

Stanza i, l. 4. Observe the
Grouping.

Stanza ii, l. 2. Where is
the Pause? Explain. What
is the Inflection on STARS?

Compare the Shading in ll.
6 and 7.

Stanza iii. What are the
central ideas of ll. 2 and 3?
How does the reader make
them stand out?

6-8. Note the continuous
Inflection. (Introduction, p.
17.)

Stanza iv, ll. 3 and 4. How
does the Grouping here affect
the Pause and the Inflection?

Stanza v, ll. 1-4. What
change in the voice indicates
the abrupt transition? What
atmosphere does the voice cre-
ate as a preparation for the
climax of the last four lines?

1. What is the central idea
of this line?

6-7. What change in Force,
Pitch, and Stress expresses the
sudden disaster?

PART IV

Compare the atmosphere of
the first four and a half stan-
zas of this Part with the first
four of Part III, and also with

the remainder of Part IV.
What is the difference in
Pitch, Force, and Time? (In-
troduction, pp. 22, 26, and 13.)

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

From "The Princess"

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
“Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

—*Alfred Tennyson*

See Introduction, p. 6.

THE SKY

From “Modern Painters”

1. It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

2. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

3. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles

of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

4. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them, he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright, nor good, for human nature's daily food"; it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us, is as distinct, as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal, is essential.

5. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of?

6. One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

7. All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice.

8. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual,—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood,—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

—John Ruskin

(By arrangement with George Allen, Publisher)

SPIRITUAL, PRECIPICES, SUM-
MITS, UNOBTUSIVE. (Appendix
A, 8.)

Par. 1. With what is LEAST
ATTEND contrasted?

Par. 2. Why is SKY an emphatic word? Give examples of momentary completeness. (Introduction, p. 16.)

AS A SUCCESSION, ETC., connected in sense? How does the voice make the connection? (Introduction, p. 33.)

Par. 3. What Inflection is placed on PERFECT BEAUTY?

Par. 7. UNREGRETTEd, UNSEEN. Note the transferred emphasis. (Introduction, p. 32.)

Par. 4. Point out the contrasts in the first sentence. What word is contrasted with DISTINCT?

Par. 7. AND YET IT IS NOT . . . NOR IN THE FIRE. Account for the Inflection. (Introduction, p. 17.)

Par. 5. With what is ONLY

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS

“Out in the meadows the young grass springs,
Shivering with sap,” said the larks, “and we
Shoot into air with our strong young wings,
Spirally up over level and lea;
Come, O Swallows, and fly with us
Now that horizons are luminous!
Evening and morning the world of light,
Spreading and kindling, is infinite!”

Far away, by the sea in the south,
The hills of olive and slopes of fern
Whiten and glow in the sun’s long drouth,
Under the heavens that beam and burn;
And all the swallows were gather’d there
Flitting about in the fragrant air,
And heard no sound from the larks, but flew
Flashing under the blinding blue.

Out of the depths of their soft rich throats
Languidly fluted the thrushes, and said:

“Musical thought in the mild air floats,
Spring is coming and winter is dead!
Come, O Swallows, and stir the air,
For the buds are all bursting unaware,
And the drooping eaves and the elm-trees long
To hear the sound of your low sweet song.”

Over the roofs of the white Algiers,
Flashingly shadowing the bright bazaar,
Flitted the swallows, and not one hears
The call of the thrushes from far, from far;
Sigh'd the thrushes; then, all at once,
Broke out singing the old sweet tones,
Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,
The tree's slow life between root and fruit.

But just when the dingles of April flowers
Shine with the earliest daffodils,
When, before sunrise, the cold clear hours
Gleam with a promise that noon fulfils,—
Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,
Perch'd on a spray by a rivulet-side,
“Swallows, O Swallows, come back again
To swoop and herald the April rain.”

And something awoke in the slumbering heart
Of the alien birds in their African air,
And they paused, and alighted, and twitter'd apart,
And met in the broad white dreamy square;
And the sad slave-woman, who lifted up
From the fountain her broad-lipp'd earthen cup,

Said to herself, with a weary sigh,
 "To-morrow the swallows will northward fly!"

—*Edmund William Gosse*

How does the vocal expression of the descriptive parts of the poem differ from that of the call of the birds? Account for the difference. (Introduction, p. 22.)

Point out the contrasts of thought and feeling in the third and fourth stanzas respectively. Show a corresponding contrast in vocal expression.

What line expresses the central idea of the fifth stanza? How is this shown? (Introduction, p. 33.)

Account for the Pitch and the Force used in the slave-woman's speech.

Supply a back-ground of thought for the last four lines. How does this affect the Time? (Introduction, p. 14.)

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
 Green walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
 Apple-and peach-tree fruited deep,—

5

Fair as a garden of the Lord
 To the eye of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
 When Lee march'd over the mountain-wall,— 10

Over the mountains winding down,
 Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun 15
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down; 20

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right 25
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash. 30

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag!” she said. 35

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word: 40

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head,
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host. 45

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And, through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night. 50

Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave! 55

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town! 60

—John Greenleaf Whittier

PREPARATORY.—Divide the poem into sections, giving each a descriptive title. (Introduction, p. 10.)

Describe the scene portrayed in the first fifteen lines, supplementing your description by a black-board diagram.

ll. 1-2. What is the Inflection? Why?

l. 3. Note the Grouping and Pause.

l. 3, STAND; l. 7, LORD; l. 8, HORDE. What is the Inflection? Why?

l. 15. (Introduction, p. 9.)

l. 20. What are the emphatic words? Are both words of a contrast necessarily emphatic?

ll. 17-22. Note the change in nervous tension. What effect has this on the key of the voice? (Introduction, p. 25.)

ll. 25-26. How do these lines illustrate the truth that the Visualization of a scene is a necessary forerunner of correct vocal expression?

ll. 27-28. HALT! FIRE! What change in vocal expression accompanies the transition to abrupt command?

l. 31. With what do you connect FROM THE BROKEN STAFF? How? (Introduction, p. 16.)

ll. 31-36. What part should Imitation play here? (Introduction, pp. 5 and 6.)

ll. 37-38. (Introduction, p. 14.)

l. 39. Note Grouping and Pause.

ll. 41-42. (Introduction, p. 5.)

l. 43. With what do you connect THROUGH FREDERICK STREET? How? Where do you pause in this line?

l. 51. (Introduction, p. 9.)

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL

Psalm ciii

Bless the Lord, O my soul:

And all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul,

And forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender
mercies:
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness
And judgment for all that are oppressed.
He made known his ways unto Moses,
His acts unto the children of Israel.
The Lord is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
He will not always chide:
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.
He hath not dealt with us after our sins;
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
For he knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass:
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,
 And his righteousness unto children's children;
 To such as keep his covenant,
 And to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens;
 And his kingdom ruleth over all.
 Bless the Lord, ye his angels,
 That excel in strength,
 That do his commandments,
 Harkening unto the voice of his word.
 Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts;
 Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
 Bless the Lord, all his works,
 In all places of his dominion:
 Bless the Lord, O my soul.

—*As arranged by Richard G. Moulton*

PREPARATORY.—What attitude of mind does the language of this Psalm indicate? What Stress of voice is its natural expression? (Introduction, p. 29.)

Articulation. (Appendix A, 3.)

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

I know not what the future hath
 Of marvel or surprise,
 Assured alone that life and death
 His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
 To bear an untried pain,

The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove; 10
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me 15
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care. 20

—*John Greenleaf Whittier*

PREPARATORY.—What attitude of mind is suggested by this poem?

How does it differ from that suggested by the preceding selection? What is the difference in vocal expression?

Account for the Inflection placed on the negative statements in this poem. (Introduction, pp. 17 and 18.)

THE KING OF GLORY

Psalm xxiv

(Anthems for the Inauguration of Jerusalem)

I.—At the Foot of the Hill

FIRST CHOIR

The earth is the LORD's, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.

For He hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD?
And who shall stand in His holy place?

SECOND CHOIR

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive a blessing from the LORD,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek after Him,
That seek Thy face, O God of Jacob.

II.—Before the Gates

FIRST CHOIR

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of Glory shall come in.

SECOND CHOIR

Who is the King of Glory?

FIRST CHOIR

The LORD strong and mighty,
The LORD mighty in battle.

FIRST CHOIR

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;

Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of Glory shall come in.

SECOND CHOIR

Who is this King of Glory?

FIRST CHOIR

The LORD of Hosts,
He is the King of Glory.

—As arranged by Richard G. Moulton

THE FOUR-HORSE RACE

From "Black Rock"

1. The great event of the day, however, was to be the four-horse race, for which three teams were entered—one from the mines driven by Nixon, Craig's friend, a citizens' team, and Sandy's. The race was really between the miners' team and that from the woods, for the citizens' team, though made up of speedy horses, had not been driven much together, and knew neither their driver nor each other. In the miners' team were four bays, very powerful, a trifle heavy perhaps, but well matched, perfectly trained, and perfectly handled by their driver. Sandy had his long rangy roans, and for leaders, a pair of half-broken pinto bronchos. The pintos, caught the summer before upon the Alberta prairies, were fleet as deer, but wicked and uncertain. They were Baptiste's special care and pride. If they would only run straight, there was little doubt that they would carry the roans and themselves to glory; but one

could not tell the moment they might bolt or kick things to pieces.

2. Being the only non-partisan in the crowd, I was asked to referee. The race was about half a mile and return, the first and last quarters being upon the ice. The course, after leaving the ice, led up from the river by a long, easy slope to the level above; and at the further end, curved somewhat sharply around the Old Fort. The only condition attaching to the race was, that the teams should start from the scratch, make the turn of the Fort, and finish at the scratch. There were no vexing regulations as to fouls. The man making the foul would find it necessary to reckon with the crowd, which was considered sufficient guarantee for a fair and square race. Owing to the hazards of the course, the result would depend upon the skill of the drivers quite as much as the speed of the teams. The points of hazard were at the turn round the Old Fort, and at a little ravine which led down to the river, over which the road passed by means of a long, log bridge or causeway.

3. From a point upon the high bank of the river, the whole course lay in open view. It was a scene full of life and vividly picturesque. There were miners in dark clothes and peak caps; citizens in ordinary garb; ranchmen in wide cowboy hats and buckskin shirts and leggings, some with cartridge-belts and pistols; a few half-breeds and Indians in half-native, half-civilized dress; and scattering through the crowd, the lumbermen with gay scarlet and blue blanket coats, and some with knitted tuques of the same colour. A very good-natured but extremely uncertain crowd it was. At the head of each horse stood a man, but at the pintos' heads Baptiste stood alone, trying to hold down the off-leader, thrown

into a frenzy of fear by the yelling of the crowd.

4. Gradually all became quiet, till, in the midst of absolute stillness, came the words: "Are you ready?" then the pistol-shot, and the great race had begun. Above the roar of the crowd came the shrill cry of Baptiste, as he struck his broncho with the palm of his hand, and swung himself into the sleigh beside Sandy, as it shot past.

5. Like a flash the bronchos sprang to the front, two lengths before the other teams; but, terrified by the yelling of the crowd, instead of bending to the left bank up which the road wound, they wheeled to the right and were almost across the river before Sandy could swing them back into the course.

6. Baptiste's cries, a curious mixture of French and English, continued to strike through all other sounds, till they gained the top of the slope to find the others almost a hundred yards in front, the citizens' team leading, with the miners' following close. The moment the pintos caught sight of the teams before them, they set off at a terrific pace and steadily devoured the intervening space. Nearer and nearer the turn came, the eight horses in front, running straight and well within their speed. After them flew the pintos, running savagely with ears set back, leading well the big roans, thundering along and gaining at every bound. And now the citizens' team had almost reached the Fort, running hard and drawing away from the bays. But Nixon knew what he was about, and was simply steady-ing his team for the turn. The event proved his wisdom, for in the turn the leading team left the track, lost a moment or two in the deep snow, and before they could regain the road, the bays had swept superbly past,

leaving their rivals to follow in the rear. On came the pintos, swiftly nearing the Fort. Surely at that pace they cannot make the turn. But Sandy knows his leaders. They have their eyes upon the teams in front, and need no touch of rein. Without the slightest change in speed the nimble-footed bronchos round the turn, hauling the big roans after them, and fall in behind the citizens' team, which is regaining steadily the ground lost in the turn.

7. And now the struggle is for the bridge over the ravine. The bays in front, running with mouths wide open, are evidently doing their best; behind them, and every moment nearing them, but at the limit of their speed too, come the lighter and fleeter citizens' team; while opposite their driver are the pintos, pulling hard, eager and fresh. Their temper is too uncertain to send them to the front; they run well following, but when leading cannot be trusted, and besides, a broncho hates a bridge; so Sandy holds them where they are, waiting and hoping for his chance after the bridge is crossed. Foot by foot the citizens' team creep up upon the flank of the bays, with the pintos in turn hugging them closely, till it seems as if the three, if none slackens, must strike the bridge together; and this will mean destruction to one at least. This danger Sandy perceives, but he dare not check his leaders. Suddenly, within a few yards of the bridge, Baptiste throws himself upon the lines, wrenches them out of Sandy's hands, and, with a quick swing, forces the pintos down the steep side of the ravine, which is almost sheer ice with a thin coat of snow. It is a daring course to take, for the ravine, though not deep, is full of undergrowth, and is partially closed up by a brush heap at the further end.

But with a yell, Baptiste hurls his four horses down the slope, and into the undergrowth. "Allons, mes enfants! Courage! vite, vite!" cries their driver, and nobly do the pintos respond. Regardless of bushes and brush heaps, they tear their way through; but as they emerge, the hind bob-sleigh catches a root, and, with a crash, the sleigh is hurled high into the air. Baptiste's cries ring out high and shrill as ever, encouraging his team, and never cease till, with a plunge and a scramble, they clear the brush heap lying at the mouth of the ravine, and are out on the ice on the river, with Baptiste standing on the front bob, the box trailing behind, and Sandy nowhere to be seen.

8. Three hundred yards of the course remain. The bays, perfectly handled, have gained at the bridge, and in the descent to the ice, and are leading the citizens' team by half a dozen sleigh lengths. Behind both comes Baptiste. It is now or never for the pintos. The rattle of the trailing box, together with the wild yelling of the crowd rushing down the bank, excites the bronchos to madness, and, taking the bits in their teeth, they do their first free running that day. Past the citizens' team like a whirlwind they dash, clear the intervening space, and gain the flanks of the bays. Can the bays hold them? Over them leans their driver, plying for the first time the hissing lash. Only fifty yards more. The miners begin to yell. But Baptiste, waving his lines high in one hand, seizes his tuque with the other, whirls it above his head and flings it with a fiercer yell than ever at the bronchos. Like the bursting of a hurricane the pintos leap forward, and with a splendid rush cross the scratch, winners by their own length.

PREPARATORY.—Make a black-board sketch of the race-course, fixing the position of “the scratch,” “the Old Fort,” “the high bank with the spectators,” “the bridge,” etc.

In what passages does the excitement reach its greatest height? How are the Pitch and Time affected? (Introduction, pp. 13 and 22.)

What is the Stress employed throughout? Where is the Stress most marked? Give reasons. Introduction, pp. 27 and 28.)

MRS. MALAPROP'S VIEWS

From “The Rivals”

The scene is Mrs. Malaprop's lodgings at Bath. Present, Lydia Languish.
Enter Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony Absolute.

Mrs. Malaprop.—There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydia.—Madam, I thought you once—

Mrs. Malaprop.—You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all: thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow; to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lydia.—Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Malaprop.—But I say it is, miss! there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anthony.—Why, sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not! Ay, this comes of her reading!

Lydia.—What crime, madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

Mrs. Malaprop.—Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lydia.—Madam, I must tell you plainly that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Malaprop.—What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion. They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor; and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made? and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lydia.—Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Malaprop.—Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lydia.—Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. (Exit)

Mrs. Malaprop.—There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anthony.—It is not to be wondered at, ma'am:

all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by heaven I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Malaprop.—Nay, nay, Sir Anthony: you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anthony.—In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library! She had a book in each hand; they were half-bound volumes with marble covers! From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Malaprop.—Those are vile places indeed!

Sir Anthony.—Madam, a circulating library in a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge,—it blossoms through the year! And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Malaprop.—Fy, fy, Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anthony.—Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Malaprop.—Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman: for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. But, Sir Anthony, I would send her at nine years old to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she

should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries: but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anthony.—Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate: you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. Malaprop.—None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres; and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anthony.—Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Malaprop.—We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anthony.—Objection! let him object if he dare! No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple: in their younger days, 'twas "Jack, do this"; if he demurred I knocked him down, and if he

grumbled at that I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Malaprop.—Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience! Nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anthony.—Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. Well I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl. Take my advice—keep a tight hand: if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. (Exit)

Mrs. Malaprop.—Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger: sure Lucy can't have betrayed me! No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it. (Calls) Lucy! Lucy!—Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

—Richard Brinsley Sheridan

What is the difference between Mrs. Malaprop's mental attitude toward Lydia and toward Sir Anthony? How is this difference indicated in the Stress of voice? (Introduction, pp. 27 and 28.)

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

King Francis was a hearty king, and lov'd a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the
court;

The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their
side,

And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped
to make his bride;

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning
show, 5

Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts
below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing
jaws;

They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind
went with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar, they roll'd one
on another,

Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous
smother; 10

The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through
the air;

Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen, we're better here
than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous, lively
dame,

With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always
seem'd the same:

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is as brave as brave
can be; 15

He surely would do desperate things to show his love
of me!

King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the chance is wond'rous
fine;

I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be
mine!"

She dropp'd her glove to prove his love: then looked on
him and smiled;

He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions
wild: 20

The leap was quick; return was quick; he soon regain'd
his place;

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the
lady's face!

"In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose
from where he sat:

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like
that!"

— *Leigh Hunt*

PREPARATORY.—Divide the poem into four scenes, and describe each scene.

What are the difficulties of
Articulation in ll. 2, 9, 10, and
14.

What attitude of mind is indicated by the King's first speech? By his second speech? What difference in Stress? (Introduction, pp. 27-29.) What is the Force in each case? (Introduction, p. 25.)

15, 16, and 17. Use these lines as an illustration to show that Visualization is necessary

in order to secure good vocal expression.

In what Time do you read the lady's thoughts? (Introduction, p. 13.)

Give examples from stanzas ii, and iv, where the sympathy with the picture may be sufficiently strong to lead to imitation of movements or sounds. (Introduction, pp. 5 and 6.)

THE FICKLENESS OF A ROMAN MOB

From "Julius Cæsar" Act I, Scene i.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners over the Stage.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou? 5

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am 10
but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade are thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe
conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, 15
what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me;
yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou
saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you. 20

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl.
I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's
matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to
old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover 25

them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get³⁰ myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? 35

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, 40

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made an universal shout, 45
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds

Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday? 50

And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague 55

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream 60
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners*]

See, whe'r their basest metal be not moved!
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
 This way will I. Disrobe the images, 65
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about, 70
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
 Who else would soar above the view of men, 75
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt*]

—*Shakespeare*

In what Stress do Flavius and Marullus speak when questioning the citizens? Why?

What Stress does the first citizen use?

How does the mental attitude of the second citizen influence his Stress and Inflection? (Introduction, pp. 21, 22, and 30.) Where does he change his Stress? For what reason?

WHEREFORE REJOICE? Point out the various examples of

Climax in this speech, and show how the voice indicates them. (Introduction, p. 31.)

Account for the Inflection on the various questions. (Introduction, pp. 18 and 19.)

SEE WHE'R THEIR BASEST METAL, ETC. Note the change in tension and energy. What change in Pitch and Force is the natural result? (Introduction, pp. 25 and 26.)

SIR PETER AND LADY TEAZLE

From "The School for Scandal"

Sir Peter.—Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady Teazle.—Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and, what's more, I will, too. What though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Peter.—Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady Teazle.—Authority! No, to be sure: if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Peter.—Old enough!—ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

Lady Teazle.—My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Peter.—No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. To spend as much to furnish your dressing room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a fête champêtre at Christmas!

Lady Teazle.—And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my

part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir Peter.—Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady Teazle.—No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Peter.—Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady Teazle.—Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir Peter.—Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady Teazle.—And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox chase.

Sir Peter.—I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were

content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach horse.

Lady Teazle.—No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach horse.

Sir Peter.—This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank,—in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady Teazle.—Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, that is —

Sir Peter.—My widow, I suppose?

Lady Teazle.—Hem! hem!

Sir Peter.—I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself, for, though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady Teazle.—Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense.

Sir Peter.—Oons! madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady Teazle.—Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Peter.—The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

• *Lady Teazle.*—For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter.—Ay—there again—taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teazle.—That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter!

and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Peter.—Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady Teazle.—Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter.—Yes, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady Teazle.—What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Peter.—Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady Teazle.—Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir Peter.—Grace indeed!

Lady Teazle.—But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse: when I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humour: and I take it for granted they deal exactly the same with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir Peter.—Well, well, I'll call in, just to look after my own character.

Lady Teazle.—Then, indeed, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-bye to ye. (*Exit*)

Sir Peter.—So—I have gained much by my intended

expostulation! Yet with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. (*Exit*)

—Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Select the passages where Lady Teazle tries to enforce her opinion by (a) strong assertion, (b) peevishness and whining.

In what passages does her desire to taunt and ridicule Sir Peter predominate?

In what passages does she

address Sir Peter in the tone of ordinary conversation?

What Stress is used in each case? (Introduction, pp. 28-30.)

HAD YOU ANY OF THESE LITTLE ELEGANT EXPENSES? What Stress is placed on the last four words?

THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS

From "Marmion"

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array

To Surrey's camp to ride;

He had safe-conduct for his band,

Beneath the royal seal and hand,

5

And Douglas gave a guide.

The ancient Earl, with stately grace,

Would Clara on her palfrey place,

And whispered in an undertone,

"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."

10

The train from out the castle drew,

But Marmion stopped to bid adieu;

“Though something I might plain,” he said,
 “Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your King’s behest, 15
 While in Tantallon’s towers I stayed;
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble earl, receive my hand.”

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke: 20
 “My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
 Be open, at my Sovereign’s will,
 To each one whom he lists, howe’er
 Unmeet to be the owner’s peer.
 My castles are my King’s alone, 25
 From turret to foundation-stone:
 The hand of Douglas is his own;
 And never shall, in friendly grasp,
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”

Burned Marmion’s swarthy cheek like fire, 30
 And shook his very frame for ire;
 And—“This to me,” he said,
 “An ’t were not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion’s had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas’ head! 35
 And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
 He who does England’s message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here, 40
 Even in thy pitch of pride
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near

(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied! 45
And if thou saidst, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage 50
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth: "And darest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?— 55
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!—
Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
And dashed the rowels in his steed, 60
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies, 65
Just as it trembles on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand, 70
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
 But soon he reined his fury's pace:
 "A royal messenger he came, 75
 Though most unworthy of the name.
 A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
 Did ever knight so foul a deed!
 At first, in heart, it liked me ill,
 When the King praised his clerkly skill. 80
 Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.
 Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood;
 I thought to slay him where he stood. 85
 'Tis pity of him, too," he cried:
 "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride:
 I warrant him a warrior tried."—
 With this his mandate he recalls,
 And slowly seeks his castle halls. 90

—*Sir Walter Scott*

In what Quality of voice should the following passages of this poem be read: (a) the descriptive parts; (b) l. 10; (c) the first speeches of Mar-
 mion and Douglas, ll. 14-18, and ll. 21-29; (d) the second speeches of Marmion and Douglas, ll. 32-49, and ll. 52-56; (e) ll. 57-58, and ll. 75-88?

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind him the gates of Hercules;
 Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now we must pray, 5
For, lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak." 10
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day: 15
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead. 20
These very winds forget the way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate: 25
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite:
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?" 30
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
 Of all dark nights! And then, a speck— 35
 A light! a light! a light! a light!
 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
 He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its greatest lesson: "On! sail on!" 40

—Joaquin Miller

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WHAT, SHALL, WHY. (Appendix A, 7 and 8.) to a climax. (Introduction, pp. 31 and 32.)

Give examples of words or phrases which when repeated become (1) unemphatic, (2) more emphatic, (3) equivalent Compare the mate's attitude of mind with that of the Admiral. How is the difference indicated by the Stress?

FROM THE "APOLOGY" OF SOCRATES

From "The Dialogues of Plato"

1. Not much time will be gained, O Athenians, in return for the evil name which you will get from the detractors of the city, who will say that you killed Socrates, a wise man; for they will call me wise, even although I am not wise, when they want to reproach you. If you had waited a little while, your desire would have been fulfilled in the course of nature. For I am far advanced in years, as you may perceive, and not far from death. I am speaking now only to those of you who have condemned me to death. And I have another thing to say to them: You think that I was convicted through deficiency of words—I mean, that if I had thought fit to leave nothing undone, nothing unsaid, I might have gained an acquittal. Not so; the deficiency

which led to my conviction was not of words—certainly not. But I had not the boldness or impudence or inclination to address you as you would have liked me to address you, weeping and wailing and lamenting, and saying and doing many things which you have been accustomed to hear from others, and which, as I say, are unworthy of me. But I thought that I ought not to do anything common or mean in the hour of danger; nor do I now repent of the manner of my defence, and I would rather die having spoken after my manner, than speak in your manner and live. For neither in war nor yet at law ought any man to use every way of escaping death. For often in battle there is no doubt that if a man will throw away his arms, and fall on his knees before his pursuers, he may escape death; and in other dangers there are other ways of escaping death, if a man is willing to say and do anything. The difficulty, my friends, is not in avoiding death, but in avoiding unrighteousness; for that runs faster than death. I am old and move slowly, and the slower runner has overtaken me, and my accusers are keen and quick, and the faster runner, who is unrighteousness, has overtaken them. And now I depart hence, condemned by you to suffer the penalty of death, and they too go their ways, condemned by the truth to suffer the penalty of villainy and wrong; and I must abide by my reward—let them abide by theirs. I suppose that these things may be regarded as fated,—and I think that they are well.

2. And now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you; for I am about to die, and that is the hour in which men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who are my murderers,

that immediately after my death punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose: far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now; accusers whom hitherto I have restrained: and as they are younger they will be more severe with you, and you will be more offended at them. For if you think that by killing men you can avoid the accuser censuring your lives, you are mistaken; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honourable; the easiest and the noblest way is not to be crushing others, but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter before my departure to the judges who have condemned me.

3. Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about this thing which has happened, while the magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then a while, for we may as well talk with one another while there is time. You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me. O my judges—for you I may truly call judges—I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the familiar oracle within me has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error about anything; and now, as you see, there has come upon me that which may be thought, and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either as I was leaving my house and going out in the morning, or when I was going up into this court, or while I was

speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech, but now in nothing I either said or did touching this matter has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this? I will tell you. I regard this as a proof that what has happened to me is a good, and that those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. This is a great proof to me of what I am saying, for the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

4. Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is a great reason to hope that death is a good, for one of two things: either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, I will not say a private man, but even the great king will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death is like this, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true

judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos, and Rhadamanthus, and Aeacus, and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musaeus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I, too, shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and other heroes of old, who have suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own sufferings with theirs. Above all, I shall be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in that; I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus, or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! For in that world they do not put a man to death for this; certainly not. For besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

5. Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my accusers or my condemners; they have done me no harm, although neither of

them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

6. Still I have a favour to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing,—then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

7. The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

—*Benjamin Jowett*

Illustrate from this extract the general principle that incompleteness is expressed by means of the Rising, and completeness by means of the Falling Inflection.

Par. 1. FOR NEITHER IN WAR NOR YET AT LAW . . . DEATH. Explain the Inflection placed on this negative statement. Give a similar example from Par. 2.

I MUST ABIDE BY MY AWARD . . . LET THEM ABIDE BY THEIRS. Explain the opposite Inflections on antithetical words and phrases. If one part of the antithesis is a negation, what is the Inflection? (Introduction, pp. 19 and 20.) Give examples from Par. 2.

I AM OLD AND MOVE SLOWLY WRONG. Explain the Emphasis in these sentences. Which one of a pair of contrasted words is necessarily emphatic? Give examples from this and the following paragraph, in which both are emphatic, and explain why. (Introduction, pp. 30-32.)

Par. 4. Explain the Inflection on the questions. (Introduction, pp. 18 and 19.)

What clauses in this paragraph are really parenthetical in force? How does the voice subordinate them? Give similar examples from other paragraphs. (Introduction, pp. 24 and 25.)

HIGHLAND HOSPITALITY

From "The Lady of the Lake"

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light 5
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake; 10
And not the summer solstice there,
Tempered the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze that swept the wold,
Benumbed his drenchèd limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone, 15
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear, 20
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
“Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!”—
“A stranger.”—“What dost thou require?”—
“Rest and a guide, and food and fire. 25
My life’s beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost.”—
“Art thou a friend to Roderick?”—“No.”—

"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"—
 "I dare! to him and all the band 30
 He brings to aid his murderous hand."—
 "Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
 The privilege of chase may claim,
 Though space and law the stag we lend,
 Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend, 35
 Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
 The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
 Thus, treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
 Who say thou camest a secret spy!"—
 "They do, by Heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu, 40
 And of his clan the boldest two,
 And let me but till morning rest,
 I write the falsehood on their crest."—
 "If by the blaze I mark aright,
 Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."—45
 "Then, by these tokens mayest thou know,
 Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."—
 "Enough, enough; sit down and share
 A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."—

He gave him of his Highland cheer, 50
 The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
 Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
 And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
 He tended him like welcome guest,
 Then thus his further speech addressed:— 55
 "Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
 A clansman born, a kinsman true;
 Each word against his honour spoke,
 Demands of me avenging stroke;
 Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said, 60

A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand : 65
But not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honour's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire, 70
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard, 75
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"—
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry 80
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried, 85
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

—*Sir Walter Scott*

PREPARATORY.—Connect this scene with the rest of the poem.

Give a dramatic form to this extract, describing definitely the scenery and stage-setting. One reader may render the descriptive parts, another the speeches of Roderick Dhu, and a third those of Fitz-James.

WANDERER'S STEPS, CAUTIOUS STEP, TREACHEROUS SCOUTS, BOLDEST TWO. (Appendix A, 6.)

25 and 70. (Appendix A, 5.)

1-4. Note the word-pictures. How do they affect the Pause? (Introduction, pp. 7 and 8.)

7. NOT ENOUGH. With what is it contrasted? Which word is emphatic? Where do the Pauses occur in this line?

9. What is the atmosphere of this line? What is the Quality of voice? (Introduction, p. 34.)

10-11. What Inflection? Why? What is the Shading when compared with the two following lines? (Introduction, p. 24.)

16-17. Give an example of Grouping.

18-19. Compare the Shading of these two lines.

22. What feeling and movement are here expressed? How does the voice give expression to them? (Introduction, pp. 5, 6, and 27.)

Describe the mental attitude of each of the speakers. What is the Stress in each case? (Introduction, pp. 27-29.)

38. THE PROWLING FOX . . . SCOUTS. What is the mental attitude here? What Stress is the result? (Introduction, p. 28.) How does the rest of the speech differ from the preceding? What is the Inflection? (Introduction, p. 18.)

What is the Stress of ordinary conversation? Illustrate from the above selection.

32-39. BOLD WORDS . . . SPY. (Introduction, p. 24.)

48. Why should SIT DOWN be kept distinct from SHARE? How is this effected?

60. 'TIS SAID. How does the voice subordinate this phrase? (Introduction, p. 24.)

66-69. Which are the emphatic words and why are they emphatic?

77. What feeling is introduced here? How does the voice express it?

THE OUTLAW

From "Rokeby"

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.

And as I rode by Dalton-Hall, 5
 Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle wall
 Was singing merrily,—

“O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green; 10
I’d rather rove with Edmund there
 Than reign our English queen.”—

“If, Maiden, thou would’st wend with me,
 To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we 15
 That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
 As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
 As blithe as Queen of May.”— 20

Yet sung she, “Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are green;
I’d rather rove with Edmund there
 Than reign our English queen.

“I read you by your bugle-horn, 25
 And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a Ranger sworn,
 To keep the king’s greenwood.”—

“A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
 And ’tis at peep of light; 30
His blast is heard at merry morn,
 And mine at dead of night.”—

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there, 35
To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnish'd brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum."— 40
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum
My comrades take the spear.

"And O! though Brignall banks be fair 45
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die! 50
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I!

'And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget, 55
Nor think what we are now.

"Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen." 60

PREPARATORY.—“The Life of an Outlaw.” Speak on this subject, illustrating from such characters as Rob Roy, Robin Hood, etc., and emphasizing the pathos of such a life.

For dramatic rendering see preparatory notes on *Highland Hospitality*.

1-4. What Stress indicates the state of mind reflected by these lines? (Introduction, p. 29.)

3, 11. What Inflection is placed on THERE? (Introduction, p. 16.)

12. What word may be supplied after REIGN? How is this indicated in the reading? (Introduction, p. 10.)

13-20. Read these lines with a view to Perspective. (Introduction, p. 33.)

Give examples of Grouping throughout the poem and show how the Pause is affected. (Introduction, p. 11.)

What words in stanza iii are emphatic through contrast? In stanza v?

What feeling in the last half of stanza v? (Introduction, pp. 10-12.) In what Time, Pitch, and Force are these lines read? Give your reasons.

OF STUDIES

From the “Essays”

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants,

that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a good memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

If a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wits be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

PREPARATORY.—Observe the sentence structure employed throughout this extract, and make a list of the antithetical words and phrases.

This lesson may be used as an exercise to illustrate the principle of Inflection as applied to antithetical words or phrases and to series of words or phrases parallel in construction. (Introduction, p. 20.)

THE INFLUENCE OF ATHENS

From essay "On Mitford's History of Greece"

If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterize the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable. But what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect; that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering fire of Juvenal, the plastic imagination of Dante, the humour of Cervantes, the comprehension of Bacon, the wit of Butler, the supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare?

All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling;—by the lonely lamp of Erasmus, by the restless bed of Pascal, in the tribune of Mirabeau, in the cell of Galileo, on the scaffold of Sidney.

But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been

made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude?

Her power is, indeed, manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain; wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

The dervish, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their loads of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world, all the hoarded treasures of its primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man.

Her freedom and her power have, for more than twenty centuries, been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language, into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable.

And when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and know-

ledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labour to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief, shall hear savage hymns chaunted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple, and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts,—her influence and her glory will still survive,—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

—*Macaulay*

Illustrate from this lesson the principle of Inflection as applied to (1) a series of words parallel in construction; (2) rhetorical questions.

How should the principal clause in the last paragraph be made prominent by the voice? (Introduction, p. 33.)

NATIONAL MORALITY

1. I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. There is no man in England who is less likely to speak irreverently of the Crown and Monarchy of England than I am; but crowns, coronets, mitres, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies, and a huge empire, are, in my view, all trifles light as air, and not worth considering, unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment, and happiness, among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation.

The nation in every country dwells in the cottage; and unless the light of your Constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and condition of the people, rely upon it, you have yet to learn the duties of government.

2. I have not pleaded, as you have observed, that this country should remain without adequate and scientific means of defence. I acknowledge it to be the duty of your statesmen, acting upon the known opinions and principles of ninety-nine out of every one hundred persons in the country, at all times, with all possible moderation, but with all possible efficiency, to take steps which shall preserve order within and on the confines of your kingdom. But I shall repudiate and denounce the expenditure of every shilling, the engagement of every man, the employment of every ship which has no object but intermeddling in the affairs of other countries and endeavouring to extend the boundaries of an Empire which is already large enough to satisfy the greatest ambition, and I fear is much too large for the highest statesmanship to which any man has yet attained.

3. The most ancient of profane historians has told us that the Scythians of his time were a very warlike people, and that they elevated an old scimitar upon a platform as a symbol of Mars, for to Mars alone, I believe, they built altars and offered sacrifices. To this scimitar they offered sacrifices of horses and cattle, the main wealth of the country, and more costly sacrifices than to all the rest of their gods. I often ask myself whether we are at all advanced in one respect beyond those Scythians. What are our contributions to charity, to education, to morality, to religion, to justice, and to

civil government, when compared with the wealth we expend in sacrifices to the old scimitar?

4. Two nights ago I addressed in this hall a vast assembly composed to a great extent of your countrymen, who have no political power, who are at work from the dawn of the day to the evening, and who have therefore limited means of informing themselves on these great subjects. Now I am privileged to speak to a somewhat different audience. You represent those of your great community who have a more complete education, who have on some points greater intelligence, and in whose hands reside the power and influence of the district. I am speaking, too, within the hearing of those whose gentle nature, whose finer instincts, whose purer minds, have not suffered as some of us have suffered in the turmoil and strife of life. You can mould opinion, you can create political power,—you cannot think a good thought on this subject and communicate it to your neighbours,—you cannot make these points topics of discussion in your social circles and more general meetings, without affecting sensibly and speedily the course which the government of your country will pursue. May I ask you, then, to believe, as I do most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations great as this of which we are citizens. If nations reject and deride that moral law, there is a penalty which will inevitably follow. It may not come at once, it may not come in our lifetime; but, rely upon it, the great Italian is not a poet only, but a prophet, when he says:

The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite,
Nor yet doth linger.

5. We have experience, we have beacons, we have landmarks enough. We know what the past has cost us, we know how much and how far we have wandered, but we are not left without a guide. It is true, we have not, as an ancient people had, Urim and Thummin—those oraculous gems in Aaron's breast—from which to take counsel, but we have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law to guide us, and only so far as we walk by that guidance can we be permanently a great nation, or our people a happy people.

—*The Right Honourable John Bright*

BARONIAL, CASTLES, CHARACTER, PAST. (Appendix A, 1.)

Par. 1. MILITARY GREATNESS, MILITARY RENOWN. Note the transferred Emphasis. (Introduction, pp. 31 and 32.)

CROWNS, CORONETS, ETC. Explain the Inflection on each member of this series. Give similar examples from this paragraph and from Pars. 3, 4, and 5.

UNLESS WITH THEM, ETC. How does the voice prepare the listener for this clause? Give a similar example from Par. 4.

YOU HAVE YET TO LEARN, ETC. How is this clause made prominent?

Par. 2. Give an analysis of the second sentence from the standpoint of Perspective.

THE EXPENDITURE . . . SHIP. How is the Climax brought out?

FOR THE HIGHEST . . . ATTAINED. Note the Grouping. Give another example from this sentence.

Par. 4. NATIONS. What Inflection on this word? With what is it contrasted?

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS

Act III. Scene 2

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very 5 torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of

passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, 10 who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion 15 be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror 20 up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one 25 must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so 30 strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

—Shakespeare

MOUTH, TOWN-CRIER, TAME, JOURNEYMEN. Why are these words emphatic? (Introduction, p. 30.)

Explain FROM THE PURPOSE OF PLAYING, COME TARDY OFF, THE CENSURE OF THE WHICH . . . OTHERS. What are the emphatic words in each?

TORRENT, TEMPEST, WHIRL-
WIND. Observe the Climax.

Give other examples of Climax from this selection and show how the Emphasis is employed. (Introduction, p. 31.)

Select parenthetical clauses and show how they are subordinated. (Introduction, p. 24.)

Read the last two sentences with a view to Perspective. (Introduction, p. 33.)

ROSABELLE

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then, stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"—

" 'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

“ ’Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle.”—

O’er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
’Twas broader than the watch-fire’s light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,
And seen from cavern’d Hawthornden.

Seem’d all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffin’d lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem’d all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar’s pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer’d all the dead men’s mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin’s barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;

Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle!

—*Sir Walter Scott*

PREPARATORY.—Describe the scene suggested by the first stanza.

Make three scenes of the rest of the poem, and give a descriptive title to each.

Articulation. (Appendix A, 1, 3, and 6.)

Stanza i. How is the ellipsis in l. 3 indicated?

Stanza ii. What is the difference between the way the speaker addresses the crew and that in which he addresses the lady?

Stanzas iii-iv. How does the reader make prominent the four different arguments of the speaker in ll. 9-15, at the same time showing that each is a stronger warning than the last? (Introduction, pp. 24, 25, and 31.)

Stanzas v-vi. What is the Inflection on the negative state-

ments in the first two lines of each stanza?

Stanzas vii-xi. What feeling pervades the description of the ominous light over Roslyn? What Quality of voice is the natural outcome? (Introduction, p. 34.)

What are the central ideas in stanzas vii, ix, and x?

How is the break in the thought after FAIR, (stanza xi) shown? Introduction, pp. 8, 9, and 25.)

Stanzas xii-xiii. What phrases contrast the burial of the Saint Clairs with that of Rosabelle? What contrast of feeling?

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS

December, 1697

The Rhine is running deep and red, the island lies
before,—

“Now is there one of all the host will dare to venture
o’er?

For not alone the river's sweep might make a brave man
quail;

The foe are on the further side, their shot comes fast as
hail.

God help us, if the middle isle we may not hope to win; 5
Now is there any of the host will dare to venture in?"

"The ford is deep, the banks are steep, the island-shore
lies wide;

Nor man nor horse could stem its force, or reach the
further side.

See there! amidst the willow-boughs the serried bayonets
gleam;

They've flung their bridge,—they've won the isle; the 10
foe have cross'd the stream!

Their volley flashes sharp and strong,—by all the saints!
I trow

There never yet was soldier born could force that passage
now!"

So spoke the bold French Mareschal with him who led
the van,

Whilst rough and red before their view the turbid river
ran.

Nor bridge nor boat had they to cross the wild and 15
swollen Rhine,

And thundering on the other bank far stretch'd the
German line.

Hard by there stood a swarthy man was leaning on his
sword,

And a sadden'd smile lit up his face as he heard the
Captain's word.

"I've seen a wilder stream ere now than that which
rushes there;

I've stemm'd a heavier torrent yet and never thought to 20
dare.

If German steel be sharp and keen, is ours not strong
and true?

There may be danger in the deed, but there is honour
too."

The old lord in his saddle turn'd, and hastily he said,
"Hath bold Duguesclin's fiery heart awaken'd from the
dead?

Thou art the leader of the Scots,—now well and sure I 25
know,

That gentle blood in dangerous hour ne'er yet ran cold
nor slow,

And I have seen ye in the fight do all that mortal may :
If honour is the boon ye seek, it may be won this day,—
The prize is in the middle isle, there lies the adventurous
way,

And armies twain are on the plain, the daring deed to 30
see,—

Now ask thy gallant company if they will follow thee!"

Right gladsome look'd the Captain then, and nothing
did he say,

But he turn'd him to his little band, O, few, I ween,
were they!

The relics of the bravest force that ever fought in fray.
No one of all that company but bore a gentle name, 35
Not one whose fathers had not stood in Scotland's fields
of fame.

All they had march'd with great Dundee to where he
fought and fell,

And in the deadly battle-strife had venged their leader
well;

And they had bent the knee to earth when every eye was
dim,

As o'er their hero's buried corpse they sang the funeral 40
hymn;

And they had trod the Pass once more, and stoop'd on
either side

To pluck the heather from the spot where he had dropp'd
and died;

And they had bound it next their hearts, and ta'en a last
farewell

Of Scottish earth and Scottish sky, where Scotland's
glory fell.

Then went they forth to foreign lands like bent and 45
broken men,

Who leave their dearest hope behind, and may not turn
again.

“The stream,” he said, “is broad and deep, and stub-
born is the foe,—

Yon island-strength is guarded well,—say, brothers, will
ye go?

From home and kin for many a year our steps have
wander'd wide,

And never may our bones be laid our fathers' graves 50
beside.

No children have we to lament, no wives to wail our fall;
The traitor's and the spoiler's hand have reft our
hearths of all.

But we have hearts, and we have arms, as strong to will
and dare

As when our ancient banners flew within the northern
air.

Come, brothers! let me name a spell shall rouse your 55
souls again,

And send the old blood bounding free through pulse and
heart and vein.

Call back the days of bygone years,—be young and
strong once more;

Think yonder stream, so stark and red, is one we've
cross'd before.

Rise, hill and glen! rise, crag and wood! rise up on
either hand,—

Again upon the Garry's banks, on Scottish soil we 60
stand!

Again I see the tartans wave, again the trumpets ring;
Again I hear our leader's call: 'Upon them for the
King!'

Stay'd we behind that glorious day for roaring flood or
linn?

The soul of Grame is with us still,—now, brothers, will
ye in?"

No stay,—no pause. With one accord, they grasp'd each 65
other's hand,

Then plunged into the angry flood, that bold and daunt-
less band.

High flew the spray above their heads, yet onward still
they bore,

Midst cheer, and shout, and answering yell, and shot,
and cannon-roar,—

"Now, by the Holy Cross! I swear, since earth and sea
began,

Was never such a daring deed essay'd by mortal man!" 70

Thick blew the smoke across the stream, and faster
flash'd the flame:

The water splash'd in hissing jets as ball and bullet came.
Yet onward push'd the Cavaliers all stern and undis-
may'd,

With thousand armèd foes before, and none behind to
aid.

Once, as they near'd the middle stream, so strong the 75
torrent swept,

That scarce that long and living wall their dangerous
footing kept.

Then rose a warning cry behind, a joyous shout before:
"The current's strong,—the way is long,—they'll never
reach the shore!

See, see! they stagger in the midst, they waver in their
line!

Fire on the madmen! break their ranks, and whelm them 80
in the Rhine!"

Have you seen the tall trees swaying when the blast is
sounding shrill,

And the whirlwind reels in fury down the gorges of the
hill?

How they toss their mighty branches struggling with the
tempest's shock;

How they keep their place of vantage, cleaving firmly
to the rock?

Even so the Scottish warriors held their own against the 85
river;

Though the water flashed around them, not an eye was
seen to quiver;

Though the shot flew sharp and deadly, not a man
relax'd his hold;

For their hearts were big and thrilling with the mighty thoughts of old.

One word was spoken among them, and through the ranks it spread,—

“Remember our dead Claverhouse!” was all the Captain 90 said.

Then, sternly bending forward, they wrestled on a while,
Until they clear’d the heavy stream, then rush’d toward the isle.

The German heart is stout and true, the German arm is strong;

The German foot goes seldom back where armed foemen throng.

But never had they faced in field so stern a charge 95 before,

And never had they felt the sweep of Scotland’s broad claymore.

Not fiercer pours the avalanche adown the steep incline,
That rises o’er the parent springs of rough and rapid Rhine,—

Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven than came the Scottish band

Right up against the guarded trench, and o’er it sword 100 in hand.

In vain their leaders forward press,—they meet the deadly brand!

O lonely island of the Rhine,—where seed was never sown,

What harvest lay upon thy sands, by those strong reapers thrown?

What saw the winter moon that night, as, struggling
through the rain,
She pour'd a wan and fitful light on marsh, and stream, 105
and plain?
A dreary spot with corpses strewn, and bayonets
glistening round;
A broken bridge, a stranded boat, a bare and batter'd
mound;
And one huge watch-fire's kindled pile, that sent its
quivering glare
To tell the leaders of the host the conquering Scots were
there.

And did they twine the laurel-wreath, for those who 110
fought so well?
And did they honour those who liv'd, and weep for those
who fell?
What meed of thanks was given to them let agèd annals
tell.
Why should they bring the laurel-wreath,—why crown
the cup with wine?
It was not Frenchmen's blood that flow'd so freely on
the Rhine,—
A stranger band of beggar'd men had done the ventur- 115
ous deed:
The glory was to France alone, the danger was their
meed.
And what cared they for idle thanks from foreign prince
and peer?
What virtue had such honey'd words the exiled heart to
cheer?
What matter'd it that men should vaunt and loud and
fondly swear,

That higher feat of chivalry was never wrought else-120
where?

They bore within their breasts the grief that fame can
never heal,—

The deep, unutterable woe which none save exiles feel.
Their hearts were yearning for the land they ne'er might
see again,—

For Scotland's high and heather'd hills, for mountains,
loch and glen—

For those who haply lay at rest beyond the distant sea, 125
Beneath the green and daisied turf where they would
gladly be!

Long years went by. The lonely isle in Rhine's tem-
pestuous flood

Has ta'en another name from those who bought it with
their blood:

And, though the legend does not live,—for legends
lightly die—

The peasant, as he sees the stream in winter rolling by, 130
And foaming o'er its channel-bed between him and the
spot

Won by the warriors of the sword, still calls that deep
and dangerous ford

The Passage of the Scot.

—William Edmondstoune Aytoun

PREPARATORY.—Narrate briefly the events of this poem, and show by a black-board diagram the situation of the island, the position of the armies, etc.

Into how many dramatic scenes can the poem be divided? Describe each one, showing what part of the poem it covers.

For exercise in dramatic rendering, see notes on *Highland Hospitality*, pp. 153 and 154.

In what state of mind are the first two speakers? Compare their speeches in this respect with the first speech of the Scottish Captain—"I'VE SEEN A WILDER," ETC. What is the difference in Time, Pitch, and Stress?

3. RIVER'S SWEEP, FOE. Which is more emphatic? Compare MAN and HORSE, l. 8.

10-12. Give some examples of Climax in the second stanza and show how the Force and the Pitch are affected.

24. "HATH BOLD DUGUESCLIN'S," ETC. Supply the undercurrent of thought between the first line of this speech and the second. How is this suggested in reading? (Introduction, p. 14.)

33. HE TURNED HIM TO HIS LITTLE BAND—O FEW, ETC. How can the break in the thought be indicated? (Introduction, pp. 8, 9, and 25.)

33-46. O FEW I WEEN . . . NOT TURN AGAIN. What two feelings predominate?

Compare the first part of the Captain's speech with the second part from the standpoint of energy. What is the difference in Force and Pitch? (Introduction, pp. 23 and 26.)

65. NO STAY,—NO PAUSE, ETC. What part does spon-

aneous Imitation play here, and in the following stanza? (Introduction, pp. 4 and 5.)

69. NOW, BY THE HOLY CROSS! ETC. Where should the longest Pause be made in this line?

78. THE CURRENT'S STRONG, ETC. What are the Pitch, Force, and Stress? (Introduction, pp. 22, 26, and 29.)

93. THE GERMAN HEART, ETC. Emphasis. (Introduction, p. 31.)

96. AND NEVER HAD THEY FELT, ETC. Note Grouping and Pause.

99. SCARCE SWIFTER, ETC. What is the Stress? Why? (Introduction, p. 28.)

101. IN VAIN. Note the transition at this line. (Introduction, pp. 8, 9, and 25.)

113. WHY SHOULD THEY BRING, ETC. How does the voice indicate the insincerity of thought in these lines? (Introduction, pp. 21, 22, and 30.)

What Inflection is used on the various questions in this and the preceding stanzas? (Introduction, pp. 18 and 19.)

127-133. Note the Grouping and the Shading. (Introduction, p. 33.)

CRANFORD SOCIETY

From "Cranford"

In the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses above a certain rent are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighbouring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on a railway. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford. What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon. For keeping the trim gardens full of choice flowers without a weed to speck them; for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the said flowers through the railings; for rushing out at the geese that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maidservants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and real tender good offices to each other whenever they are in distress—the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient. "A man," as one of them observed to me once, "is so

in the way in the house!" Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are exceedingly indifferent to each other's opinions. Indeed, as each has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but, somehow, good-will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

Then there were rules and regulations for visiting and calls; and they were announced to any young people who might be staying in the town, with all the solemnity with which the old Manx laws were read once a year on the Tinwald Mount.

"Our friends have sent to inquire how you are after your journey to-night, my dear" (fifteen miles in a gentleman's carriage). "They will give you some rest to-morrow; but the next day, I have no doubt, they will call; so be at liberty after twelve—from twelve to three are our calling hours."

Then, after they had called—

"It is the third day; I dare say your mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also, that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour."

"But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?"

"You must keep thinking about the time, my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation."

As everybody had this rule in their minds, whether they received or paid a call, of course no absorbing subject was ever spoken about. We kept ourselves to short sentences of small talk, and were punctual to our time.

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savoured of commerce and trade; and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly *esprit de corps* which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their poverty. When Mrs. Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with house-keeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray upstairs, if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance, the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home

in their pattens, under the guidance of a lantern-bearer, about nine o'clock at night; and the whole town was abed and asleep by half-past ten. Moreover, it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatable or drinkable, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread-and-butter and sponge-biscuits were all that the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practise such "elegant economy."

"Elegant economy!" How naturally one falls back into the phraseology of Cranford! There, economy was always "elegant," and money-spending always "vulgar and ostentatious;" a sort of sour-grapeism which made us very peaceful and satisfied. I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford, and openly spoke about his being poor—not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, but in the public street, in a loud military voice, alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular house. The ladies of Cranford were already rather moaning over the invasion of their territories by a man and a gentleman. He was a half-pay captain, and had obtained some situation on a neighbouring railway, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town; and if, in addition to his masculine gender, and his connection with the obnoxious railway, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor—why, then, indeed, he must be sent to Coventry. Death was as true and as common as poverty; yet people never spoke about that loud out in the streets. It was a word not to be mentioned to ears

polite. We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked to or from a party, it was because the night was *so* fine, or the air *so* refreshing, not because sedan-chairs were expensive. If we wore prints instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material; and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact that we were, all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace. Yet, somehow, Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and was called upon, in spite of all resolutions to the contrary.

—*Mrs. Gaskell*

Give examples of momentary completeness in the second and sixth sentences of Par. 1. (Introduction, p. 16.)

What Inflection is placed on the Interrogative sentence in Par. 1? (Introduction, p. 19.)

Select words throughout the lesson which are emphatic through contrast and tell what Inflection is placed on them. (Introduction, pp. 20 and 21.)

How are the parenthetical clauses kept in the background? (Introduction, p. 24.)

WHEN MRS FORRESTER..... SPONGE-CAKES. Account for the Inflection on the various phrases and clauses of this sentence.

THOUGH SHE KNEW, AND WE KNEW, AND SHE KNEW THAT WE KNEW. Explain the Emphasis. (Introduction, pp. 30-32.)

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,

The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands, 10
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end, 15
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine. 20
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes, 25
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice but none are there; 30
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, 35
And solemn chaunts resound between.

- Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark. 40
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail;
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God! 45
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.
- When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go, 50
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads, 55
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields. 60
- A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease, 65
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,

Whose odours haunt my dreams;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear, 70
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony 75
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
 "O just and faithful knight of God!
 Ride on! the prize is near." 80
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the Holy Grail.

—*Alfred Tennyson*

PREPARATORY.—Point out the contrast of scene in stanza i. How has the poet obtained contrast of sound? Note the difficulties of Articulation.

Enumerate the manifestations by means of which Sir Galahad apprehends the continual proximity of the Holy Grail.

Select the lines in which the mystical element is most strongly marked. What feeling is aroused in reading these lines?

In what Quality of voice does this feeling find expression? (Introduction, p. 34.)

What is the prevailing Quality of voice?

A ROLLING ORGAN-HARMONY, ETC. What idea predominates? How does it affect the Quality of voice?

SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY

November 22, 1687

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head, 5
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 Arise ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey. 10
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began;
 From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man. 15

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound; 20
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY

187

The trumpet's loud clangour

25

Excites us to arms

With shrill notes of anger

And mortal alarms.

The double double double beat

Of the thundering drum

30

Cries, Hark! the foes come;

Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

The soft complaining flute

In dying notes discovers

The woes of hopeless lovers,

35

Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim

Their jealous pangs and desperation,

Fury, frantic indignation,

Depth of pains, and height of passion

40

For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh ! what art can teach,

What human voice can reach

The sacred organ's praise?

Notes inspiring holy love,

45

Notes that wing their heavenly ways

To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,

And trees unrooted left their place,

Sequacious of the lyre:

50

But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:

When to her organ vocal breath was given

An angel heard, and straight appear'd

Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays 55
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blessed above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour, 60
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

—John Dryden

What feeling pervades the first and last stanzas? The second stanza? In what Quality of voice does each of these feelings find expression? (Introduction, pp. 33-35.)

Illustrate by means of the third, fourth, and fifth stanzas the extent to which Imitation enters into reading. (Introduction, pp. 4 and 5.)

Account for the gradually increasing Emphasis in ll. 11-15, 48-54, and 60-63. (Introduction, p. 31.)

3-6. What is the Shading and Inflection? (Introduction, pp. 16 and 33.) Compare with these ll. 55-61.

16. What is the Inflection on this question? (Introduc-

tion, p. 19.) Compare with this ll. 42-44.

21. THEY THOUGHT. How does the reader give to these words the force of a parenthetical clause? (Introduction, p. 33.)

22-23. Note the Grouping.

31. How does the voice make the transition to direct discourse? (Introduction, p. 24.)

42-54. What is the mental attitude? What is the corresponding Stress? (Introduction, p. 29.)

44. ORGAN'S. Account for the marked Emphasis on this word. Compare BRIGHT CECILIA, l. 51.

THE DAY WAS LINGERING

The day was lingering in the pale northwest,
 And night was hanging o'er my head,—
 Night where a myriad stars were spread;
 While down in the east, where the light was least,
 Seem'd the home of the quiet dead. 5
 And, as I gazed on the field sublime,
 To watch the bright, pulsating stars,
 Adown the deep where the angels sleep
 Came drawn the golden chime
 Of those great spheres that sound the years 10
 For the horologe of time.
 Millenniums numberless they told,
 Millenniums a million-fold
 From the ancient hour of prime.

—Charles Heavysege

PREPARATORY.—Compare other passages from literature which suggest the “music of the spheres,” for example: Dryden’s *Song for Saint Cecilia’s Day*, *The Moonlight Scene* from *The Merchant of Venice*, Milton’s *The Hymn*.

What is the atmosphere of ll. 1-4? Of ll. 5-14? In what two different Qualities of voice do the corresponding feelings find expression?

Read ll. 6-11, with a view to Perspective.

Note the Grouping in ll. 9-11.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN’S HOMER

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been,

190 GREAT THINGS WERE NE'ER BEGOTTEN IN AN HOUR

Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Of of one wide expanse had I been told 5
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet never did I breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken; 10
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

—John Keats

PREPARATORY.—How is the fundamental idea of this sonnet illustrated in *The Key to Human Happiness?* (p. 266)

What feeling pervades the last six lines? In which line is this feeling most marked? In what Quality of voice does it find expression? (Introduction, pp. 33-35.)

Select the words which are emphatic through contrast, expressed or implied. (Introduction, p. 32.)

GREAT THINGS WERE NE'ER BEGOTTEN IN AN HOUR

Great things were ne'er begotten in an hour;
Ephemerons in birth are such in life;
And he who dareth, in the noble strife
Of intellects, to cope for real power,—
Such as God giveth as His rarest dower 5
Of mastery, to the few with greatness rife,—
Must, ere the morning mists have ceased to lower
Till the long shadows of the night arrive,
Stand in the arena. Laurels that are won,
Plucked from green boughs, soon wither; those that last 10

Are gather'd patiently, when sultry noon
And summer's fiery glare in vain are past.

Life is the hour of labour; on Earth's breast
Serene and undisturb'd shall be thy rest.

—*Sir Daniel Wilson (By permission)*

PREPARATORY.—What is the essential thought in this sonnet? Quote corresponding passages. Give illustrations from history and fiction.

What words are emphatic because of (a) contrast expressed, (b) contrast implied? (Introduction, pp. 30 and 32.)

Read ll. 3-9, with a view to Perspective. (Introduction, p. 33.)

A WOOD LYRIC

Into the stilly woods I go,
Where the shades are deep and the wind-flowers blow,
And the hours are dreamy and lone and long,
And the power of silence is greater than song.
Into the stilly woods I go, 5
Where the leaves are cool and the wind-flowers blow.

When I go into the stilly woods,
And know all the flowers in their sweet, shy hoods,
The tender leaves in their shimmer and sheen
Of darkling shadow, diaphanous green, 10
In those haunted halls where my footstep falls,
Like one who enters cathedral walls,
A spirit of beauty floods over me,
As over a swimmer the waves of the sea,
That strengthens and glories, refreshens and fills, 15
Till all mine inner heart wakens and thrills
With a new and a glad and a sweet delight,
And a sense of the infinite out of sight,

Of the great unknown that we may not know,
 But only feel with an inward glow 20
 When into the great, glad woods we go.

O life-worn brothers, come with me
 Into the wood's hushed sanctity,
 Where the great, cool branches are heavy with June,
 And the voices of summer are strung in tune; 25
 Come with me, O heart out-worn,
 Or spirit whom life's brute-struggles have torn,
 Come, tired and broken and wounded feet,
 Where the walls are greening, the floors are sweet,
 The roofs are breathing and heaven's airs meet. 30
 Come, wash earth's grievings from out of the face,
 The tear and the sneer and the warfare's trace,
 Come, where the bells of the forest are ringing,
 Come, where the oriole's nest is swinging,
 Where the brooks are foaming in amber pools, 35
 The mornings are still and the noonday cools.
 Cast off earth's sorrows and know what I know,
 When into the glad, deep woods I go.

—*William Wilfred Campbell* (By permission)

PREPARATORY.—“An Afternoon alone in the Woods.” Tell what one may see, and think, and feel. Illustrate by quotations from the poets.

Give numerous examples of momentary completeness throughout the poem. (Introduction, p. 16.)

How does the reader show that ll. 7-12 are merely anticipative? (Introduction, p. 17.)

What change is made in the

Force in l. 13? (Introduction, p. 33.)

How is l. 15 connected with l. 13?

Observe the transition from description to appeal in l. 22. What is the change in vocal expression?

TO NIGHT

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought!
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day, 10
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn, 15
 I sighed for thee;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,
 Lingering like an unloved guest, 20
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noontide bee

25

Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
 No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon— 30
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, belovèd Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon! 35

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

THE OPENING SCENE AT THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

From "Essay on Warren Hastings"

On the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the founda-

tions of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-Arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, George Elliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by

the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen, the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.

There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation; but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in

secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The Serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue. He looked like a great man and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead; a brow pensive, but not gloomy; a mouth of inflexible decision; a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens aequa in arduis*; such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession—the bold and strong-

mined Law, afterwards Chief-Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer, who, near twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity.

But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern.

There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age—his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit—the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at the bar, save him alone, are gone—culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles, Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges, and the answers of Hastings, were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of

thought and splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectations of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated; and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law.

The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out, smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded: "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly in the name of human

nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all.”

—*Macaulay*

This lesson is an exercise on Inflection, especially as it occurs on antithetical words or phrases and on series of words or phrases parallel in construction. (Introduction, pp. 19 and 20.)

PERORATION OF OPENING SPEECH AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS

1. In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

2. My Lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice. Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

3. Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

4. My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community—all the Commons of England resenting, as

their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

5. Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My Lords, here we see virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit and whose power you exercise. We have here all the branches of the royal family, in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject—offering a pledge in that situation, for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch.

6. My Lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here; those who have their own honour, the honour of their ancestors, and of their posterity, to guard, and who will justify, as they always have justified, that precision in the Constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. My Lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen and exalted themselves by various merits, by great civil and military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun. My Lords, you have here, also, the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. My Lords, you have that true image of the primitive church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions.

7. My Lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity

into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons, I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate. I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated. I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

—*Edmund Burke*

What effect would the solemnity of the occasion and the gravity of the accusation have on the Quality of the speaker's voice? (Introduction, p. 34.)

Par. 2. CAUSE. What words in Pars. 3, 4, and 5 are emphatic through con-

trast with this word? Point out similar contrasts in Par. 6.

Account for the Inflection on the various questions.

How are the Climaxes in Pars. 2, 5, and 7 interpreted vocally? (Introduction, p. 31.)

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
 Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
 The sail is idle, the sailor too;
 O! wind of the west, we wait for you.
 Blow, blow!
 I have wooed you so,

But never a favour you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast: 10
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest.
O! drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep,
By your mountain steep, 15
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe, and I, 20
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead 25
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow. 30
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool aw whirl!

And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore. 35
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into. 40
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead!
The river slips through its silent bed. 45
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir-tree rocking its lullaby, 50
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

—*E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake)*
(*By arrangement with the Author*)

By examples from the above poem show to what extent Imitation enters into vocal expression. (Introduction, pp. 4-6.)

THE DEFENCE OF THE BRIDGE

From " Horatius "

. . . The Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

5

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?

10

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

20

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,— 25

A Ramnian proud was he,—

“Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,

And keep the bridge with thee.”

And out spake strong Herminius,—

Of Titian blood was he,— 30

“I will abide on thy left side,

And keep the bridge with thee.”

“Horatius,” quoth the Consul,

“As thou sayest, so let it be.”

And straight against that great array 35

Forth went the dauntless Three.

For Romans in Rome’s quarrel

Spared neither land nor gold,

Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,

In the brave days of old. 40

Then none was for a party;

Then all were for the state;

Then the great man helped the poor,

And the poor man loved the great:

Then lands were fairly portioned; 45

Then spoils were fairly sold:

The Romans were like brothers

In the brave days of old.

Now, Roman is to Roman

More hateful than a foe, 50

And the Tribunes beard the high.

And the Fathers grind the low.

As we wax hot in faction,

In battle we wax cold:

Aunus from green Tifernum, 85

Lord of the Hill of Vines;

And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves

Sicken in Ilva's mines;

And Picus, long to Clusium

Vassal in peace and war, 90

Who led to fight his Umbrian powers

From that gray crag where, girt with towers,

The fortress of Nequinum lowers

O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus 95

Into the stream beneath;

Herminius struck at Seius,

And clove him to the teeth;

At Picus brave Horatius

Darted one fiery thrust; 100

And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms

Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii

Rushed on the Roman Three;

And Lausulus of Urgo, 105

The rover of the sea;

And Aruns of Volsinium,

Who slew the great wild boar,

The great wild boar that had his den

Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen, 110

And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,

Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;

Lartius laid Ocnus low;

- Right to the heart of Lausulus 115
Horatius sent a blow.
“Lie there,” he cried, “fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia’s walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark. 120
No more Campania’s hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursèd sail.”
- But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes. 125
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears’ lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth 130
To win the narrow way.
- But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide,
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride. 135
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.
- He smiled on those bold Romans 140
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he: “The she-wolf’s litter

Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow
If Astur clears the way?"

145

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

150

155

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

160

165

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

170

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel, 175
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next, 180
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van. 185
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.
But all Etruria's noblest 190
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd; 195
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away? 200
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;

And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread; 205
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever 210
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
“Come back, come back, Horatius!”
Loud cried the Fathers all. 215
“Back Lartius! back Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!”

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed beneath their feet 220
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more. 225

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph 230
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind; 235
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face,
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena, 240
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he: 245
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

“Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber! 250
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side, 255
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise, 260
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;

And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry, 265
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing, 270
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose. 275

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely 280
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

“Curse on him!” quoth false Sextus:
“Will not the villain drown? 285
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!”
“Heaven help him!” quoth Lars Porsena,
“And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms 290
Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

295

—Macaulay

PREPARATORY.—What is the historic back-ground of the ballad from which this selection is taken? Narrate briefly the events as told by Macaulay in *Horatius*. Where is the scene of the dramatic events here portrayed? Who are the chief actors? Who are the speakers?

Show whether the words and phrases repeated in the following lines are accompanied by increased Emphasis or whether the Emphasis is transferred: ll. 1-4, 41-46, 108-109, 118-121, 188-190, 198-199, 202-205, 214-217, 240-241, 244-245, 252, 292-295. (Introduction, pp. 30-32.) Give examples of Emphasis through contrast, throughout the selection.

What Inflection is placed on the questions in ll. 8, 13-16, 23-24? Give reasons.

Compare the mental attitude of Horatius in ll. 11-16, and ll. 17-24. What is the difference in Stress?

ll. 38-39. What Inflection and Emphasis on the series of words? (Introduction, pp. 20 and 31.)

In what way does Imitation enter into the reading of ll. 72-

75, 82-84, 95-100, 160-163, 218-221, 292-299? How are the Time and Stress affected? How does Imitation affect the Pitch in ll. 230-233, 156-157, 172-173, 238-241, 265-267, 284-291?

ll. 144-147. In what Quality of voice should Astur's speech be read?

l. 153. What is the most important word?

ll. 178-181, 196-201. How does the derision affect the Stress and the Inflection? (Introduction, pp. 21, 22, and 30.)

ll. 186-187. Explain the Inflection on this negative statement.

ll. 238-241, 284-291. Compare the feelings of Sextus with those of Lars Porsena. How is the difference shown in the Quality of voice? (Introduction, pp. 33-35.)

ON THE DEATH OF KING EDWARD VII

Delivered in the British House of Commons, May 12th, 1910

The late King, who has been suddenly taken away from us, had, at the time of his death, not yet completed the tenth year of his reign. Those years were crowded with moving and stirring events, both abroad, in the Empire, and here at home. In our relations with foreign countries they have been years of growing friendships, of new understandings, of stronger and surer safeguards for the peace of mankind. Within the Empire during the same time the sense of interdependence, the consciousness of common interests and common risks, the ever-tightening bonds of corporate unity have been developed and vivified as they had never been before. Here at home, as though it were by way of contrast, controversial issues of the gravest kind—economic, social, and constitutional—have ripened into a rapid maturity.

Sir, in all these multiform manifestations of our national and imperial life, history will assign a part of singular dignity and authority to the great Ruler whom we have lost. In external affairs his powerful personal influence was steadily and zealously directed to the avoidance not only of war, but of the causes and pretexts of war, and he well earned the title by which he will always be remembered, “the Peacemaker of the World.”

Within the boundaries of his own Empire, by his intimate knowledge of its component parts, by his broad

and elastic sympathy not only with ambitions, and aspirations, but with the sufferings and the hardships of his people, by his response to any and every appeal whether to the sense of justice or the spirit of compassion, he won a degree of loyalty, affection, and confidence which few Sovereigns have ever enjoyed. At home, we all recognize that, above the din and dust of our hard-fought controversies, detached from party and attached only to the common interests, we had in him an arbiter ripe in experience, judicial in temper, at once a reverent worshipper of our traditions and a watchful guardian of our constitutional liberties.

One is tempted, indeed constrained, on such an occasion as this to ask what were the qualities which enabled a man called comparatively late in life to new duties of unexampled complexity—what were the qualities which in practice proved him so admirably fitted to the task, and have given him an enduring and illustrious record among the rulers and governors of the nations? I should be disposed to assign the first place to what sounds a commonplace—but in its persistent and unfailing exercise is one of the rarest of virtues—his strong, abiding, dominating sense of public duty.

King Edward, be it remembered, was a man of many and varied interests. He was a sportsman in the best sense, an ardent and discriminating patron of the Arts, and as well equipped as any man of his time for the give-and-take of social intercourse; wholly free from the prejudices and narrowing rules of caste; at home in all companies; an enfranchised citizen of the world. To such a man, endowed as he was by nature, placed where he was by fortune and by circumstances, there

was open, if he had chosen to enter it, an unlimited field for self-indulgence. But, Sir, as every one will acknowledge who was brought into daily contact with him in the sphere of affairs, his duty to the State always came first. In this great business community there was no better man of business, no man by whom the humdrum obligations—punctuality, method, preciseness, and economy of time and speech—were more keenly recognized or more severely practised. I speak with the privilege of close experience when I say that wherever he was, whatever may have been his apparent preoccupations, in the transactions of the business of the State there were never any arrears, there was never any trace of confusion, there was never any moment of avoidable delay.

Next to these, Sir—I am still in the domain of practice and administration—I should put his singular, perhaps an unrivalled, tact in the management of men, and a judgment of intuitive shrewdness as to the best outlet from perplexed and often baffling situations. He had, in its highest and best development, the genius of common sense. These rare gifts of practical efficiency were, during the whole of his Kingship, yoked to the service of a great ideal. He was animated every day of his Sovereignty by the thought that he was at once the head and the chief servant of that vast complex organism which we call the British Empire. He recognized in the fullest degree both the powers and the limitations of a Constitutional Monarch. Here, at home, he was, though no politician, as every one knows, a keen Social Reformer. He loved his people at home and over the seas. Their interests were his interests;

their fame was his fame. He had no self apart from them.

I will not touch for more than a moment on more delicate and sacred ground—on his personal charm, the warmth and wealth of his humanity; his unfailing considerateness for all who in any capacity were permitted to work for him. I will only say, in this connection that no man in our time has been more justly beloved by his family and his friends, and no Ruler in our or in any time has been more sincerely true, more unswervingly loyal, more uniformly kind to his advisers and his servants. By the unsearchable counsels of the Disposer of Events he has been called suddenly, and without warning, to his account. We are still dazed under the blow which has befallen us. It is too soon, as yet, even to attempt to realize its full meaning, but this, at least, we may say at once and with full assurance, that he has left to his people a memory and an example which they will never forget, a memory of great opportunities greatly employed, and an example which the humblest of his subjects may treasure and strive to follow, of simplicity, courage, self-denial, tenacious devotion up to the last moment of conscious life to work, to duty, and to service.

—*The Right Honourable Herbert Henry Asquith*

WITHIN THE BOUNDARIES
 . . . ENJOYED. Make an
 analysis of this sentence with a
 view to Perspective. (Intro-
 duction, p. 33.)

DETACHED . . . INTERESTS.
 Note the contrasts and indicate
 the Inflection on each.

TEMPTED, .. CONSTRAINED.
 What difference in Emphasis?
 (Introduction, p. 31.) Com-
 pare SINGULAR, PERHAPS UN-
 RIVALLED; IN OUR OR IN ANY
 TIME.

THE HEROES OF MAGERSFONTEIN

Dec. 11, 1899

1. During the night it was considered expedient that the Highland Brigade, 4,000 strong, under General Wauchope, should get close enough to the lines of the foe to make it possible to charge the heights. At midnight the gallant but ill-fated men moved cautiously through the darkness toward the kopje where the Boers were most strongly intrenched. They were led by a guide who was supposed to know every inch of the country, out into the darkness of an African night.

2. So onward until three of the clock on the Monday. Then out of the darkness a rifle rang sharp and clear, a herald of disaster—a soldier had tripped in the dark over the hidden wires laid down by the enemy. In a second, in the twinkling of an eye, the searchlights of the Boers fell broad and clear as the noonday sun on the ranks of the doomed Highlanders, though it left the enemy concealed in the shadows of the frowning mass of hills behind them. For one brief moment the Scots seemed paralysed by the suddenness of their discovery, for they knew that they were huddled together like sheep within fifty yards of the trenches of the foes.

3. Then clear above the confusion rolled the voice of the General: "Steady, men, steady!—and like an echo to the veterans out came the crash of nearly a thousand rifles not fifty paces from them. The Highlanders reeled before the shock like trees before the tempest; their best, their bravest, fell in that wild hail of lead. General Wauchope was down, riddled with bullets; yet gasping,

dying, bleeding from every vein, the Highland chief raised himself on his hands and knees and cheered his men forward. Men and officers fell in heaps together.

4. The Black Watch charged, and the Gordons and the Seaforths, with a yell that stirred the British camp below, rushed onward to death or disaster. The accursed wires caught them around the legs until they floundered like trapped wolves, and all the time the rifles of the foe sang the song of death in their ears. They fell back broken and beaten, leaving nearly 1,300 dead and wounded, just where the broad breast of the grassy veldt melts into the embrace of the rugged African hills; and an hour later, the dawning came of the dreariest day that Scotland has known for a generation past.

5. Of her officers, the flower of her chivalry, the pride of her breeding, but few remained to tell the tale—a sad tale truly, but one untinted with dishonour nor smirched with disgrace, for up these heights under similar circumstances, even a brigade of devils could scarce have hoped to pass. All that mortal man could do the Scots did; they tried, they failed, they fell, and there is nothing left us now but to revere their memory and give them a place of honour in the pages of history.

* * * * *

6. Three hundred yards to the rear of the little township of Modder River, just as the sun was sinking in a blaze of African splendour, on the evening of Tuesday, the 12th of December, a long shallow grave lay exposed in the breast of the veldt. To the westward, the broad river fringed with trees runs murmuringly; to the eastward, the heights still held by the enemy, scowled menacingly; north and south the veldt undulated peacefully; a few paces to the northward of that grave, fifty

dead Highlanders lay dressed as they had fallen on the field of battle: they had followed their chief to the field, and they were to follow him to the grave.

7. How grim and stern these men looked as they lay face upward to the sky, with great hands clutched in the last agony, and brows still knit with the stern lust of the strife in which they had fallen. The plaids, dear to every Highland clan, were represented there, and out of the distance came the sound of pipes. It was the General coming to join his men. There, right under the eyes of the enemy, moved with slow and solemn tread all that remained of the Highland Brigade. In front of them walked the chaplain, with bared head, dressed in his robes of office; then came the pipers with their pipes, sixteen in all, and behind them, with arms reversed, moved the Highlanders, dressed in all the regalia of their regiments, and in the midst the dead General, borne by four of his comrades. Out swelled the pipes to the strains of "The Flowers of the Forest," now ringing proud and high until the soldier's head went back in haughty defiance—and eyes flashed through tears like sunlight on steel, now sinking to moaning wail like a woman mourning for her first-born, until the proud heads drooped forward till they rested on heaving chests, and tears rolled down the wan and scarred faces, and the choking sobs broke through the solemn rhythm of the march of death.

8. Right up to the grave they marched, then broke away in companies, until the General lay in the shallow grave with a Scottish square of armed men around him. Only the dead man's son and a small remnant of his officers stood with the chaplain and the pipers, while the solemn service of the church was spoken.

9. Then once again the pipes pealed out, and "Lochaber No More" cut through the stillness like a cry of pain until one could almost hear the widow in her Highland home mourning for the soldier she would welcome back no more.

10. Then, as if touched with the magic of one thought, the soldiers turned their tear-damped eyes from the still form in the shallow grave toward the height where Cronje, the Lion of Africa, and his soldiers stood. Then every cheek flushed crimson, and strong jaws set like steel, and the veins on the hands that clasped the rifle handles swelled almost to bursting with the fervour of the grip, and that look from those silent, armed men spoke more eloquently than ever spoke the tongues of orators. For on each frowning face the spirit of vengeance sat, and each sparkling eye asked silently for blood.

11. At the head of the grave, at the point nearest the enemy, the General was laid to sleep, his officers grouped around him, while in line behind him, his soldiers were laid in a double row wrapped in their blankets. No shots were fired over the dead men resting so peacefully, only the salute was given, and then the men marched campwards as the darkness of an African night rolled over the far-stretching breadth of the veldt.

—From "*The London Daily News*" (By permission)

Par. 1. Note the Grouping, Pause, and Shading in the last sentence. Compare the Grouping in the preceding sentence, in the last sentence of Par. 4, in the first sentence of Par. 7, and in the second sentence of Par. 10.

Explain the Inflection and Emphasis on the phrases parallel in construction, in the fifth and sixth sentences of Par. 7, and the second sentence of Par. 10.

THE FUNERAL OF JULIUS CÆSAR

From "Julius Cæsar," Act III. Scene ii.

The Forum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.*

All. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street;
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered. 10

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the rostrum.*]

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause;
and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine
honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may
believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your
senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any
in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I
say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If
then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, 20
this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that
I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living,
and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live

all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would ³⁰ not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. 40

[*Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.*]

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors. 50

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.*

Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

60

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit*]

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[*He goes up into the rostrum.*]

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,

70

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'T were best to speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

80

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral. 90
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man. 100
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, 110
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.*

Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

120

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

130

Who, you all know, are honourable men;
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood.

140

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar, 150
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
 For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
 You shall read us the will,—Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honourable men! 160

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: the will! read
 the will!

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me show you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

[*He comes down from the rostrum.*]

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round. 170

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony!—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle; I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through: 180
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab, 190
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops. 200
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here.
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!
2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!
3 *Cit.* O woeful day!
4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!
1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About,— seek,— burn,— fire,— kill,—
slay! 210

Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with
him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable;

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you. 220

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb 230
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny!

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus!

3 *Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony. 240

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not: I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true;—the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

250

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever,—common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

260

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt all, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

PREPARATORY.—For dramatic rendering see notes on *Highland Hospitality* pp. 153 and 154.

The long speeches of Brutus and Antony may be practised by themselves as exercises in Emphasis and Inflection.

88-89. How is the parenthetical clause subordinated? Give other examples from the extracts.

153-154. Select the emphatic words.

160. What Stress is placed on TRAITORS and HONOURABLE respectively? Account for the difference.

210. ABOUT, . . . SLAY! What is the Stress? Compare ll. 236-237, and ll. 259-265.

THE REVENGE

A Ballad of the Fleet, 1591

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from
far away:

“Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-
three!”

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: “’Fore God I am
no coward;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of 5
gear,

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow
quick.

We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-
three?”

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: “I know you are
no coward;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

But I’ve ninety men and more that are lying sick 10
ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my
Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that
day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the¹⁵
land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left²⁰
to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the
Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to
fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came
in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather
bow.

"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English
men.
²⁵

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the³⁰
devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a
hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the
foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick
below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left³⁵
were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-
lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their
decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little
craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen⁴⁰
hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning
tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us
like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,⁴⁵
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard
lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip she bethought her- 50
self and went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-
content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us
hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and
musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes
his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land. 55

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far
over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the
fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with their battle-
thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with 60
her dead and her shame:
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so
could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before?

For he said "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer 65
night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly
dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the
head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far 70
over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us
all in a ring;
But they dar'd not touch us again, for they fear'd that
we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we, 75
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them
stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder 80
was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the
side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men! 85
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her
in twain!

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of 90
Spain!"

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made
reply:

"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let
us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow." 95
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the
foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him
then

Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught
at last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried: 100

"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant
man and true;

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:

With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant 105
and true,

And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English
few;

Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,

And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien 110
 crew,
 And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her
 own;
 When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke
 from sleep,
 And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth- 115
 quake grew,
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts
 and their flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd
 navy of Spain,
 And the little Revenge herself went down by the
 island crags
 To be lost evermore in the main.

—Alfred Tennyson

PREPARATORY.—Give a series of titles suggestive of the events narrated in this ballad; describe the picture that each title calls up, and tell on what part of the poem it is based.

What different ideals of bravery are brought out in this ballad, and by whom is each presented? Compare them with those set forth in *The Private of the Buffs* (Fourth Reader), and *Horatius*.

1, 3, and 13. (Appendix A, 1 and 6.)

'FORE GOD . . . sick. What Inflection prevails? (Introduction, pp. 17 and 18.)

What Inflection is placed on the questions in ll. 7, 25, 62, 88, and 108? (Introduction, pp. 18 and 19.)

FOR THE GLORY OF THE LORD. How is the irony brought out

by the voice? (Introduction, pp. 21, 22, and 30.)

25-28. (Introduction, p. 18.)

Compare the speech of the men (ll. 25-28) with that of Sir Richard (ll. 29-31) from the standpoint of mental attitude. How is this difference indicated by Stress?

32. Which are the emphatic words? Give your reasons. Select words that are emphatic because of contrast from ll. 34, 35, and 91. What Inflection is placed on the emphatic words in each case?

How does repetition affect the Emphasis in ll. 37-38, 53-54, 58-60, 63, and 89? (Introduction, pp. 31-33.)

40. With what word is THAT connected in sense? How does the voice make the connection? (Introduction, p. 33.)

43-47. Analyse these lines from the standpoint of Perspective.

66-67. Where do the Pauses occur? How does the Grouping affect them?

68. Why is HIMSELF emphatic?

75-81. Give examples of "momentary completeness".

93. Which is the most emphatic word in this line? Give your reason.

101-103. To what extent should Imitation enter into the reading of this speech? (Introduction, pp. 4 and 5.)

112-117. How can the effect of this Climax be brought out by the voice? (Introduction, p. 31.)

118. Note the transition in thought and feeling. By what change in Time, Pitch, and Force is it accompanied?

HERVÉ RIEL

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the 5
Rance,

With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville:

Close on him fled, great and small,
 Twenty-two good ships in all; 10
 And they signalled to the place,
 "Help the winners of a race!
 Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or,
 quicker still,
 Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on 15
 board;
 "Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to
 pass?" laughed they:
 "Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
 scarred and scored,
 Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve and eighty
 guns,
 Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow
 way,
 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty 20
 tons,
 And with flow at full beside?
 Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
 While rock stands or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay!" 25

Then was called a council straight.
 Brief and bitter the debate:
 "Here's the English at our heels; would you have them
 take in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and
 bow,
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound? 30

Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

Not a minute more to wait!

"Let the captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the 35
beach!

France must undergo her fate.

Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid
all these,—

A Captain? a Lieutenant? a Mate—first, second, third? 40

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for
the fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries 45
Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell

"Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river
disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's 50
for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse
than fifty Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe⁵⁵
me there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this *Formidable* clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know⁶⁰
well,

Right to Solidor past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave—

Keel so much as grate the ground—

Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!"⁶⁵
cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"⁷⁰
cried its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north wind, by God's grace!

See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide sea's⁷⁵
profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock,

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past, 80
All are harboured to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come—too late.

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave 85
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance 90
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell! 95
Let France, let France's King,
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more, 100
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank, blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end, 105
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,

You must name your own reward.
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse! 110
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not
 Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke, 115
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
 "Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but 120
 a run?—
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
 Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore!"
 That he asked and that he got,—nothing more. 125

Name and deed alike are lost:
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack, 130
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England
 bore the bell.
 Go to Paris: rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank! 135

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé
Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the 140

Belle Aurore!

—Robert Browning

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PREPARATORY.—Narrate briefly the events of the poem and describe (a) the council, (b) the scene after the ships are safely anchored.

How does this poem illustrate the truth that the highest motive in life is duty? From this standpoint compare Hervé Riel with Sir Richard Grenville in Tennyson's *The Revenge*.

Give other examples to show that true nobility does not depend on such externals as rank and position.

2. WOE TO FRANCE. How does the voice indicate that this phrase is parenthetical?

4. What is the subject of PURSUE? Its object? How does the reader make the meaning clear?

3-5. What is the Shading?

8 and 14. Supply the ellipsis in each case. How is the reading affected by an ellipsis? (Introduction, p. 10.)

12-14. What is the Stress? (Introduction, pp. 27 and 28.)

16-25. What energy characterizes these lines? With what Stress should they be read?

TWELVE AND EIGHTY GUNS, TWENTY TONS. What is the difference in the Quality of voice? Compare MAN OF MARK,

SIMPLE BRETON SAILOR, ll. 40 and 42.

26. Where is the Pause? Why?

Note the transitions in ll. 27, 31, 32, and 33. How is each one indicated?

38. STOOD, STEPPED, STRUCK. Observe the increased Emphasis. Compare ll. 46 and 69.

41-43. Note the contrast. What is the Inflection on each part? (Introduction, p. 20.)

45-66. What state of mind does Hervé Riel's speech indicate throughout? What feelings predominate when he addresses (a) the Malouins, (b) the officers? What Time, Pitch, Force, and Stress are the natural expression?

46. COWARDS, FOOLS, ROGUES. What is the Inflection on each word? (Introduction, p. 20.)

65. KEEL SO MUCH, ETC. Note the Pause and Grouping.

72, 73-76, 77-84. What is the predominant feeling in each passage?

104-113. Compare the self-control of Damfreville's speech

with the impulsive shout of the preceding stanza. What is the resulting difference in vocal expression?

114-116. Note the Pause and Grouping.

118-122. What is the Inflection? (Introduction, p. 17.)

129-132. Observe the Grouping.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

Daniel v

Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, whiles he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem; that the king, and his princes, his wives, and his concubines, might drink therein. Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was in Jerusalem; and the king, and his princes, his wives, and his concubines, drank in them. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote

one against another. The king cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers. And the king spake, and said to the wise men of Babylon, Whosoever shall read this writing, and shew me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom. Then came in all the king's wise men: but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof. Then was the king Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him, and his lords were astonished.

Now the queen by reason of the words of the king and his lords came into the banquet house: and the queen spake and said, O king, live for ever: let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed: There is a man in thy kingdom, in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of thy father light and understanding and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, was found in him; whom the king Nebuchadnezzar thy father, the king, I say, thy father, made master of the magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers; Forasmuch as an excellent spirit and knowledge and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and shewing of hard sentences, and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel, whom the king named Belteshazzar: now let Daniel be called, and he will shew the interpretation.

Then was Daniel brought in before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel, Art thou that Daniel, which art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king my father brought out of Jewry? I have even heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent

wisdom is found in thee. And now the wise men, the astrologers, have been brought in before me, that they should read this writing, and make known unto me the interpretation thereof: but they could not shew the interpretation of the thing: And I have heard of thee, that thou canst make interpretations, and dissolve doubts: now if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom.

Then Daniel answered and said before the king, Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy reward to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation. O thou king, the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honour: And for the majesty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages, trembled and feared before him: whom he would he slew; and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he set up; and whom he would he put down. But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him: And he was driven from the sons of men; and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses: they fed him with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven; till he knew that the most high God ruled in the kingdom of men, and that he appointeth over it whomsoever he will. And thou, his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this; But has lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou, and thy lords, thy

wives, and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver, of gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified: Then was the part of the hand sent from him; and this writing was written.

And this is the writing that was written, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. TEKEL; Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. PERES; Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians. Then commanded Belshazzar, and they clothed Daniel with scarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made a proclamation concerning him, that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain. And Darius the Median took the kingdom, being about threescore and two years old.

Give a dramatic form to this extract, indicating by suitable titles the various scenes suggested and the parts that would properly belong to the scenery, the action, and the dialogue respectively. The different parts may be read by different readers before one reader attempts all the parts.

PAUL'S DEFENCE BEFORE KING AGRIPPA

Acts xxvi

1. Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself: I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this

day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

2. My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews.

3. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

4. Whereupon as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests, at midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the

pricks. And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

5. Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision: but shewed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judæa, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.

6. And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad. But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believ-

est thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

7. And when he had thus spoken, the king rose up, and the governor, and Bernice, and they that sat with them: And when they were gone aside, they talked between themselves, saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds. Then said Agrippa unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.

PREPARATORY.—Under what circumstances did Paul deliver this defence? Picture the scene.

What attitude of mind characterizes the chief speaker? How does this affect the reading?

How are the direct speeches in Pars. 1, 4, 6, and 7 made to stand out from the narrative? (Introduction, p. 24.)

How do the mental and emotional states of the various speakers differ? Indicate this difference by the Quality of the voice. (Introduction, p. 34.)

Point out the Climax in Par. 3. How does the voice express it?

IF THEY WOULD TESTIFY. What change in the voice subordinates this clause? (Introduction, p. 33.) Give another example from Par. 2.

THE STRANDED SHIP

Far up the lonely strand the storm had lifted her.
And now along her keel the merry tides make stir
No more. The running waves that sparkled at her prow
Seethe to the chains and sing no more with laughter now.

No more the clean sea-furrow follows her. No more
To the hum of her gallant tackle the hale Nor'-westers
 roar.

No more her bulwarks journey. For the only boon they
 crave

Is the guerdon of all good ships and true, the boon of a
 deep-sea grave.

*Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.*

No more she mounts the circles from Fundy to the Horn,
From Cuba to the Cape runs down the tropic morn,
Explores the Vast Uncharted where great bergs ride in
 ranks,

Nor shouts a broad "Ahoy" to the dories on the Banks.
No more she races freights to Zanzibar and back,
Nor creeps where the fog lies blind along the liner's track,
No more she dares the cyclone's disastrous core of calm
To greet across the dropping wave the amber isles of
 palm.

*'Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.*

Amid her trafficking peers, the wind-wise, journeyed
 ships,

At the black wharves no more, nor at the weedy slips,

She comes to port with cargo from many a storied clime.
No more to the rough-throat chantey her windlass creaks
in time.

No more she loads for London with spices from Ceylon,—
With white spruce deals and wheat and apples from St.
John.

No more from Pernambuco with cotton-bales,—no more
With hides from Buenos Ayres she clears for Baltimore.

*Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.*

Wan with the slow vicissitudes of wind and rain and sun
How grieves her deck for the sailors whose hearty brawls
are done!

Only the wandering gull brings word of the open wave,
With shrill scream at her taffrail deriding her alien
grave.

Around the keel that raced the dolphin and the shark
Only the sand-wren twitters from barren dawn till dark;
And all the long blank noon the blank sand chafes and
mars

The prow once swift to follow the lure of the dancing
stars.

*Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.*

And when the winds are low, and when the tides are still,
 And the round moon rises inland over the naked hill,
 And o'er her parching seams the dry cloud-shadows pass,
 And dry along the land-rim lie the shadows of thin grass,
 Then aches her soul with longing to launch and sink
 away

Where the fine silts lift and settle, and sea-things drift
 and stray,
 To make the port of Last Desire, and slumber with her
 peers
 In the tide-wash rocking softly through the unnumbered
 years.

*Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
 To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
 Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
 Far below the keels of the outward bound.*

—Charles G. D. Roberts (By arrangement)

PREPARATORY.—What is the fundamental idea of the first three stanzas? Of the fourth stanza? Of the last stanza? Of the refrain? Apply these ideas to human life? What feelings do they arouse? Show that these feelings grow stronger as the poem advances.

What Time, Pitch, and Stress are the natural expression of the atmosphere pervading the poem? Where are they most marked?

What effect has the atmosphere of the last stanza on the Quality of the voice?

HER, STIR. (Appendix A, 10.)

STRAND, FAR, CALM, BRAWLS. Distinguish the sound of *a* in these words, and select other words from the poem with the same sound. (Appendix A, 1.)

What is the Inflection on the negative statements in the first three stanzas? On the entreaty in the refrain? (Introduction, p. 18.)

What effect do the falling Inflection, and the marked Pause after MORE, l. 3, stanza 1 produce?

AND WHEN THE WINDS . . . GRASS. What is the Inflection? What is the Shading when compared with the next line?

SIR PATRICK SPENS

The king sits in Dunfermline toun,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
“O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship o’ mine?”

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king’s right knee,—
“Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sailed the sea.”

The king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it wi’ his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

“To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o’er the faem;
The king’s daughter of Noroway,
’Tis thou maun bring her hame.”

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughèd he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e’e.

“O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o’me,

To send us out, this time o' the year,
To sail upon the sea?

Be't wind, be't weet, be't hail, be't sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say,—

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee."
"Ye lee, ye lee, ye lears loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lee!

For I brought as mickle white monie,
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

'Mak' ready, mak' ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm!
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam' o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O whare will I get a gude sailor,
To tak' my helm in hand,
Till I gae up to the tall topmast,
To see if I spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak' the helm in hand,
Till you gae up to the tall topmast;
But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out o' our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it cam' in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,

And wap them into our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And they wapped them roun' that gude ship's side,
But still the sea cam' in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed,
That floated o'er the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son,
That never mair cam' hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves;
For them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see na mair.

Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
 'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

—*Old Ballad*

Into how many different scenes does this drama fall? Where is each one laid? How can each one be made to stand out by itself? (Introduction, p. 10.)

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

An ancient story Ile tell you anon
 Of a notable prince, that was called king John;
 And he ruled England with maine and with might,
 For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
 Concerning the Abbot of Canturbūrye;
 How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,
 They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
 The abbot kept in his house every day;
 And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
 In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

“How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
 Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
 And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
 I feare thou work'st treason against my crown.”

“My liege,” quo’ the abbot, “I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere.”

“Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first,” quo’ the king, “when I’m in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about.
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what do I think.”

“O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weekes space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.”

“Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.”

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
 And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:
 "How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
 What newes do you bring us from good king John?"

"Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give;
 That I have but three days more to live:
 For if I do not answer him questions three,
 My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him, there in that stead,
 With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
 Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
 To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
 How soon he may ride this whole world about:
 And at the third question I must not shrink,
 But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

"Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
 That a fool he may learn a wise man witt?
 Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
 And I'll ride to London to answeare your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
 I am like your lordship, as ever may bee:
 And if you will but lend me your gowne,
 There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne."

"Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
 With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;
 With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
 Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope."

“Now welcome, sire abbot,” the king he did say,
“ ’Tis well thou’rt come back to keepe thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.”

“For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke, thou art one penny worser than hee.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
“I did not thinke I had been worth so littel!
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about.”

“You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you’ll ride it about.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone
“I did not think, it could be gone so soone!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke.”

“Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:
 You thinke I’m the Abbot of Canterbùry;
 But I’m his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
 That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee.”

The king he laughed, and swore “by the masse,
 Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his place!”
 “Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
 For alacke I can neither write ne reade.”

“Four nobles a weeke, then, I will give thee,
 For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;
 And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
 Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king John.”

—*Old Ballad*

PREPARATORY.—Divide this poem into three dramatic scenes. Who are the actors in each scene?

What is the king’s attitude toward the abbot in the first scene? Toward the supposed abbot in the third scene? Where does this attitude suddenly change? Show at what points this changed attitude gradually increases in strength and where it reaches its climax. Indicate these changes by means of the voice.

What is the abbot’s attitude toward the king in the first scene? How does it differ from his attitude toward the shepherd? What is the difference in vocal expression?

Where does the shepherd’s attitude toward the king change? How does the voice indicate this change?

THE KEY TO HUMAN HAPPINESS

From “The Mill on the Floss”

1. At last Maggie’s eyes glanced down on the books that lay on the window-shelf, and she half forsook her reverie to turn over listlessly the leaves of the “Portrait Gallery”; but she soon pushed this aside to examine the little row of books tied together with string. “Beauties

of the Spectator", "Rasselas", "Economy of Human Life", "Gregory's Letters",—she knew the sort of matter that was inside all these; the "Christian Year"—that seemed to be a hymn-book, and she laid it down again; but "Thomas à Kempis"—the name had come across her in her reading, and she felt the satisfaction, which every one knows, of getting some ideas to attach to a name that strays solitary in the memory. She took up the little, old, clumsy book with some curiosity; it had the corners turned down in many places, and some hand, now for ever quiet, had made at certain passages strong pen-and-ink marks, long since browned by time. Maggie turned from leaf to leaf, and read where the quiet hand pointed "Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything in the world. . . . If thou seekest this or that, and would'st be here or there to enjoy thy own will and pleasure, thou shalt never be quiet nor free from care; for in everything somewhat will be wanting, and in every place there will be some that will cross thee. . . . Both above and below, which way soever thou dost turn thee, everywhere thou shalt find the Cross; and everywhere of necessity thou must have patience, if thou wilt have inward peace, and enjoy an everlasting crown. . . . It is but little thou sufferest in comparison of them that have suffered so much, were so strongly tempted, so grievously afflicted, so many ways tried and exercised. Thou oughtest therefore to call to mind the more heavy sufferings of others, that thou mayest the easier bear thy little adversities. And if they seem not little unto thee, beware lest thy impatience be the cause thereof. . . . Blessed are those ears that receive the whispers of the divine voice, and listen not to the whisperings of the

world. Blessed are those ears which hearken not unto the voice which soundeth outwardly, but unto the Truth which teacheth inwardly. . . .”

2. A strange thrill of awe passed through Maggie while she read, as if she had been awakened in the night by a strain of solemn music, telling of beings whose souls had been astir while hers was in stupor. She went on from one brown mark to another, where the quiet hand seemed to point, hardly conscious that she was reading—seeming rather to listen while a low voice said:—

3. “Why dost thou here gaze about, since this is not the place of thy rest? In heaven ought to be thy dwelling, and all earthly things are to be looked on as they forward thy journey thither. All things pass away, and thou together with them. Beware thou cleave not unto them, lest thou be entangled and perish. . . . If a man should give all his substance yet it is as nothing. And, if he should do great penances, yet they are but little. And if he should attain to all knowledge, he is yet far off. And if he should be of great virtue, and very fervent devotion, yet is there much wanting—to wit, one thing, which is most necessary for him. What is that? That having left all, he leave himself, and go wholly out of himself, and retain nothing of self-love. . . . I have often said unto thee, and now again I say the same: Forsake thyself, resign thyself, and thou shalt enjoy much inward peace. . . . Then shall all vain imaginations, evil perturbations, and superfluous cares fly away; then shall immoderate fear leave thee, and inordinate love shall die.”

4. Maggie drew a long breath and pushed her heavy hair back as if to see a sudden vision more clearly. Here, then, was a secret of life that would enable her to

renounce all other secrets; here was a sublime height to be reached without the help of outward things; here was insight, and strength and conquest, to be won by means entirely within her own soul, where a supreme Teacher was waiting to be heard. It flashed through her, like the suddenly apprehended solution of a problem, that all the miseries of her young life had come from fixing her heart on her own pleasure, as if that were the central necessity of the universe; and for the first time she saw the possibility of shifting the position from which she looked at the gratification of her own desires, of taking her stand out of herself, and looking at her own life as an insignificant part of a divinely-guided whole. She read on and on in the old book, devouring eagerly the dialogues with the invisible Teacher, the pattern of sorrow, the source of all strength, returning to it after she had been called away, and reading till the sun went down behind the willows. With all the hurry of an imagination that could never rest in the present, she sat in the deepening twilight forming plans of self-humiliation and entire devotedness; and, in the ardour of first discovery, renunciation seemed to her the entrance into that satisfaction which she had so long been craving in vain. She had not perceived—how could she until she had lived longer?—the inmost truth of the old monk's outpourings, that renunciation remains sorrow, though a sorrow borne willingly. Maggie was still panting for happiness, and was in ecstasy because she had found the key to it. She knew nothing of doctrines and systems—of mysticism or quietism; but this voice out of the far-off Middle Ages was the direct communication of a human soul's belief and experience, and came to Maggie as an unquestioned message.

5. I suppose that is the reason why the small, old-fashioned book, for which you need pay only sixpence at a book-stall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness; while expensive sermons and treatises, newly issued, leave all things as they were before. It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting; it is the chronicle of a solitary hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph—not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations—the voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours, but under the same silent far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness.

—George Eliot

Par. 1. IF THOU SEEKEST . . PLEASURE. What principle of Inflection does this clause illustrate? Give similar examples from Par. 3.

BOTH ABOVE AND BELOW . . EVERYWHERE. Which phrase in this series has the strongest Emphasis?

THOU SUFFEREST. Which word is emphatic? (Introduction, p. 30.) What phrases are contrasted with it?

Account for the Inflection used in the last two sentences. (Introduction, p. 20.)

Par. 4. Indicate the Grouping in sentences 3 and 5.

HOW COULD SHE, ETC. What is the Inflection and Shading? (Introduction, pp. 24 and 25.)

Par. 5. What is the Inflection on NOT WRITTEN . . . STONES? (Introduction p. 18.)

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PART FIRST

“My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;
Shall never a bed for me be spread, 5
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew.” 10
Slowly Sir Launfal’s eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drownsd the cattle up to their knees, 15
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees.
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray: 20

’Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;

Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied; 25
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent, 30
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.
The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight, 35
In his gilded mail that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf, 40
Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree 45
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gift of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up 50
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,

Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came; 55
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armour 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature, 60
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust, 65
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty; 70
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms, 75
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PART SECOND

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly; 80
The river was numb and could not speak,

For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold 85
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate; 90
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore, 95
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime, 100
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long-ago:
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small.
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one, 105
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played, 110
And waved its signal of palms.

“For Christ’s sweet sake I beg an alms;”—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone, 115
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said, “I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree; 120
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world’s buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary’s Son, acknowledge me; 125
Behold, through him, I give to thee!”

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie, 130
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet’s brink, 135
And gave the leper to eat and drink:
’Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
’Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And ’twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul. 140

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;

The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight 145
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine, 150
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon:
And the voice that was calmer than silence said:
“Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail, 155
Thou has spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree; 160
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another’s need;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,— 165
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and me.”

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond:—
“The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armour up on the wall,
Let it be the spider’s banquet-hall; 170
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.”

The castle gate stands open now,
 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
 As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough; 175
 No longer scowl the turrets tall,
 The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
 When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
 She entered with him in disguise,
 And mastered the fortress by surprise; 180
 There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
 She lingers and smiles there the whole year round.
 The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
 Has hall and bower at his command;
 And there's no poor man in the North Countree 185
 But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

—James Russell Lowell

PREPARATORY.—Read Tennyson's *The Holy Grail*.

Compare the mode in which Tennyson treats the pursuit of the Holy Grail, in *Sir Galahad*, with that adopted by Lowell in this poem.

Show the connection between the fundamental ideas in this poem, and those in Longfellow's *King Robert of Sicily* and *The Legend Beautiful*.

Point out the various contrasts (a) of scene, (b) of thought, (c) of emotion, and show a corresponding contrast in vocal expression.

Articulation. (Appendix A, 1 and 11.)

5 and 6. What is the Inflection?

11. What changes of vocal expression accompany the transition?

14-20. Note the word-pictures and the effect of the Imaging process on the Time.

22. What is the Inflection on BE?

27-29 and 37-39. Observe the Grouping, Pause, and Inflection.

41. HAD CAST THEM FORTH. With what phrase is this parallel? How does the voice express the parallelism?

42-44. Which line expresses the main thought? How is it made prominent? (Introduction, p. 33.)

51. Where is the Pause?

65-67. Show the relative importance of the emphatic words and phrases. (Introduction, pp. 30 and 31.)

69-78. Read these lines with a view to (a) Perspective, (b) Inflection.

91. OLD, BENT. Account for the pause between these two adjectives. (Introduction, pp. 7 and 8.)

95. What is the emphatic word? Why?

107-111. Note the difference in the sound of the letter *a* in the various words.

119-126. What feeling predominates? How are the Force, Pitch, and Time affected?

137-140. How does the voice indicate the contrast between the meagre and the sumptuous? (Introduction, pp. 34 and 35.)

141-142. Note the transition from the subjective to the objective. How is it indicated in reading?

154-166. What atmosphere pervades this speech? What Quality of voice suggests it? (Introduction, p. 35.)

167. Note the transition. What movement is suggested? What is the Stress and Quality of voice?

168-172. What state of mind does this speech suggest? What is the change in Stress and Quality?

ON THE DEATH OF GLADSTONE

Delivered in the Canadian House of Commons, May 26, 1898

England has lost the most illustrious of her sons; but the loss is not England's alone, nor is it confined to the great empire which acknowledges England's suzerainty, nor even to the proud race which can claim kinship with the people of England. The loss is the loss of mankind. Mr. Gladstone gave his whole life to his country; but the work which he did for his country, was conceived and carried out, on principles of such high elevation, for purposes so noble, and aims so lofty, that not his country alone, but the whole of mankind, benefited by his work. It is no exaggeration to say that he has raised the standard of civilization, and the world to-day is undoubtedly better for both the precept and the example of his life.

His death is mourned not only by England, the land of his birth, not only by Scotland, the land of his ancestors, not only by Ireland for whom he did so much, and attempted so much more; but also by the people of the two Sicilies, for whose outraged rights he once aroused the conscience of Europe, by the people of the Ionian Islands, whose independence he secured, and by the people of Bulgaria and the Danubian Provinces, in whose cause he enlisted the sympathy of his own native country. Indeed, since the days of Napoleon, no man has lived whose name has travelled so far and so wide, over the surface of the earth; no man has lived whose name alone so deeply moved the hearts of so many millions of men. Whereas Napoleon impressed his tremendous personality upon peoples far and near, by the strange fascination which the genius of war has always exercised over the imagination of men in all lands and in all ages, the name of Gladstone had come to be in the minds of all civilized nations, the living incarnation of right against might—the champion, the dauntless, tireless champion, of the oppressed against the oppressor. It is, I believe, equally true to say that he was the most marvellous mental organization which the world has seen since Napoleon—certainly the most compact, the most active, and the most universal.

This last half century in which we live, has produced many able and strong men who, in different walks of life, have attracted the attention of the world at large; and of the men who have illustrated this age, it seems to me that in the eyes of posterity four will outlive and outshine all others—Cavour, Lincoln, Bismarck, and Gladstone. If we look simply at the magnitude of the results obtained, compared with the exiguity of the

resources at command,—if we remember that out of the small Kingdom of Sardinia grew united Italy, we must come to the conclusion that Count Cavour was undoubtedly a statesman of marvellous skill and prescience. Abraham Lincoln, unknown to fame when he was elected to the presidency, exhibited a power for the government of men which has scarcely been surpassed in any age. He saved the American Union, he enfranchised the black race, and for the task he had to perform he was endowed in some respects almost miraculously. No man ever displayed a greater insight into the motives, the complex motives, which shape the public opinion of a free country, and he possessed almost to the degree of an instinct, the supreme quality in a statesman of taking the right decision, taking it at the right moment and expressing it in language of incomparable felicity. Prince Bismarck was the embodiment of resolute common sense, unflinching determination, relentless strength, moving onward to his end, and crushing everything in his way as unconcerned as fate itself. Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly excelled every one of these men. He had in his person a combination of varied powers of the human intellect, rarely to be found in one single individual. He had the imaginative fancy, the poetic conception of things, in which Count Cavour was deficient. He had the aptitude for business, the financial ability which Lincoln never exhibited. He had the lofty impulses, the generous inspirations which Prince Bismarck always discarded, even if he did not treat them with scorn. He was at once an orator, a statesman, a poet, and a man of business. As an orator he stands certainly in the very front rank of orators of his country or any country of his age or any age. I remember when Louis Blanc was in

England, in the days of the Second Empire, he used to write to the press of Paris, and in one of his letters to "Le Temps" he stated that Mr. Gladstone would undoubtedly have been the foremost orator of England, if it were not for the existence of Mr. Bright. It may be admitted, and I think it is admitted generally, that on some occasions Mr. Bright reached heights of grandeur and pathos which even Mr. Gladstone did not attain. But Mr. Gladstone had an ability, a vigour, a fluency which no man in his age or any age ever rivalled or even approached. That is not all. To his marvellous mental powers he added no less marvellous physical gifts. He had the eye of a god, the voice of a silver bell; and the very fire of his eye, the very music of his voice swept the hearts of men even before they had been dazzled by the torrents of his eloquence.

As a statesman, it was the good fortune of Mr. Gladstone that his career was not associated with war. The reforms which he effected, the triumphs which he achieved, were not won by the supreme arbitrament of the sword. The reforms which he effected and the triumphs which he achieved were the result of his power of persuasion over his fellow-men. The reforms which he achieved in many ways amounted to a revolution. They changed, in many particulars, the face of the realm. After Sir Robert Peel had adopted the great principle which eventually carried England from protection to free trade, it was Mr. Gladstone who created the financial system which has been admitted ever since by all students of finance, as the secret of Great Britain's commercial success. He enforced the extension of the suffrage to the masses of the nation, and practically thereby made the government of monarchical England as

democratic as that of any republic. He disestablished the Irish church, he introduced reform into the land tenure and brought hope into the breasts of those tillers of the soil in Ireland who had for so many generations laboured in despair. And all this he did, not by force or violence, but simply by the power of his eloquence and the strength of his personality.

Great, however, as were the acts of the man, after all he was of the human flesh, and for him, as for everybody else, there were trivial and low duties to be performed. It is no exaggeration to say that even in those low and trivial duties he was great. He ennobled the common realities of life. His was above all things a religious mind—essentially religious in the highest sense of the term. And the religious sentiment which dominated his public life and his speeches, that same sentiment, according to the testimony of those who knew him best, also permeated all his actions from the highest to the humblest. He was a man of strong and pure affections, of long and lasting friendship, and to describe the beauty of his domestic life, no words of praise can be adequate. It was simply ideally beautiful, and in the later years of his life, as touching as it was beautiful. May I be permitted, without any impropriety, to recall that it was my privilege to experience and to appreciate that courtesy, made up of dignity and grace, which was famous all the world over, but of which no one could have an appropriate opinion, unless he had been the recipient of it. In a character so complex and diversified, one may ask what was the dominant feature, what was the supreme quality, the one characteristic which marked the nature of the man. Was it his incomparable genius for finance. Was it his splendid oratorical

powers? Was it his marvellous fecundity of mind? In my estimation it was not any one of these qualities. Great as they were, there was one still more marked, and if I have to give my own impression, I would say that the one trait which was dominant in his nature, which marked the man more distinctly than any other, was his intense humanity, his paramount sense of right, his abhorrence of injustice, wrong, and oppression wherever to be found or in whatever shape they might show themselves. Injustice, wrong, oppression acted upon him, as it were, mechanically, and aroused every fibre of his being, and from that moment to the repairing of the injustice, the undoing of the wrong, and the destruction of the oppression, he gave his mind, his heart, his soul, his whole life with an energy, with an intensity, with a vigour paralleled in no man unless it be the first Napoleon. There are many evidences of this in his life. When he was travelling in Southern Italy, as a tourist, for pleasure and for the benefit of the health of his family, he became aware of the abominable system which was there prevailing under the name of Constitutional Government. He left everything aside, even the object which had brought him to Italy, and applied himself to investigate and to collect evidence, and then denounced the abominable system in a trumpet blast of such power that it shook to its very foundations the throne of King Ferdinand and sent it tottering to its fall. Again, when he was sent as High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands, the injustice of keeping this Hellenic population separated from the rest of Greece, separated from the kingdom to which they were adjacent, and toward which all their aspirations were raised, struck his generous soul with such force that he became practically their advocate,

and secured their independence. Again, when he had withdrawn from public life, and when, in the language of Thiers, under somewhat similar circumstances, he had returned to "*ses chères études*," the atrocities perpetrated by the Turks on the people of Roumania brought him back to public life with a vehemence, an impetuosity, and a torrent of fierce indignation that swept everything before it. If this be, as I think it is, the one distinctive feature of his character, it seems to explain away what are called the inconsistencies of his life. Inconsistencies there were none in his life. He had been brought up in the most unbending school of Toryism. He became the most active reformer of our times. But whilst he became the leader of the Liberal party and an active reformer, it is only due to him to say that in his complex mind there was a vast space for what is known as conservatism. His mind was not only liberal but conservative as well, and he clung to the affections of his youth until, in questions of practical moment, he found them clashing with that sense of right and abhorrence of injustice of which I have spoken. But the moment he found his conservative affections clash with what he thought right and just, he did not hesitate to abandon his former convictions and go the whole length of the reforms demanded. Thus he was always devotedly, filially, lovingly attached to the Church of England. He loved it, as he often declared. He adhered to it as an establishment in England, but the very reasons and arguments which, in his mind, justified the establishment of the Church in England, compelled him to a different course as far as that church was concerned in Ireland. In England the Church was the church of the majority, of almost the unanimity of the nation. In

Ireland it was the church of the minority, and, therefore, he did not hesitate. His course was clear: he removed the one church and maintained the other. So it was with Home Rule. But coming to the subject of Home Rule, though there may be much to say, perhaps this is neither the occasion nor the place to say it. The Irish problem is dormant, not solved; but the policy proposed by Mr. Gladstone for the solution of this question has provoked too much bitterness, too deep division, even on the floor of this House, to make it advisable to say anything about it on this occasion.

I notice it, however, simply because it is the last and everlasting monument of that high sense of justice which, above all things, characterized him. When he became convinced that Home Rule was the only method whereby the long-open wound could be healed, he did not hesitate one moment, even though he were to sacrifice friends, power, popularity. And he sacrificed friends, power, popularity, in order to give that supreme measure of justice to a long-suffering people. Whatever may be the views which men entertain upon the policy of Home Rule, whether they favour that policy or whether they oppose it, whether they believe in it or whether they do not believe in it, every man, whether friend or foe of that measure, must say that it was not only a bold, but it was a noble thought, that of attempting to cure discontent in Ireland by trusting to Irish honour and Irish generosity.

Now, Sir, he is no more. England is to-day in tears, but fortunate is the nation which has produced such a man. His years are over; but his work is not closed; his work is still going on. The example which he gave to the world shall live for ever, and the seed which he has

sown with such a copious hand shall still germinate and bear fruit under the full light of heaven.

—*Sir Wilfrid Laurier (By permission)*

In reading this speech; apply the principles of Pause, Inflection, Grouping, Emphasis, and Perspective illustrated in the preceding lessons.

THE DOWNFALL OF WOLSEY

From "King Henry VIII" Act III. Scene ii.

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, 5
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory, 0
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye: 15
 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have; 20
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.—

[Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed]

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What! amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep, 25

I am fall'n indeed.

Crom.

How does your grace?

Wol.

Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me, 30

I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy,—too much honour:

O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven! 35

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right
use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,—

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel—

To endure more miseries, and greater far,

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. 40

What news abroad?

Crom.

The heaviest, and the worst

Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol.

God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol.

That's somewhat sudden:

But he's a learned man. May he continue 45

Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
 For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
 When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!—
 What more? 50

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
 Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
 This day was view'd in open, as his queen, 55
 Going to chapel; and the voice is now
 Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,
 The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
 In that one woman I have lost for ever. 60
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
 I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the king; 65
 That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
 What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
 Some little memory of me will stir him—
 I know his noble nature—not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell, 70
 Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
 Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron, 75

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me, 80
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee, 85
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me. 90
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty. 95
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king; 100
And—pr'ythee lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell! 105
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell 110

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

—*Shakespeare*

Compare the last words of Wolsey with those of Socrates as found in Jowett's translation of *The Apology*, (p. 145.)

BE JUST MARTYR.
Show that the life and death of
Socrates illustrates this ideal.

Compare the Pitch in which
Wolsey utters his monologue
with that in which he address-
es Cromwell. (Introduction,
p. 23.)

How is the parenthetical
clause in ll. 6 and 7 kept in
the back-ground? (Introduc-

tion, p. 24.) Select similar ex-
amples from Wolsey's speech-
es.

AND FROM THESE SHOULDERS
. . . . NAVY. Supply the
ellipses.

BY THAT SIN . . . WIN
BY 'T? Select the emphatic
words and account for the Em-
phasis in each case. (Intro-
duction, p. 30.)

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND

That second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her blood-hounds thro' the country-side,
Breathed hot and instant on my trace.— 5
I made, six days, a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked
The fireflies from the roof above,
Bright creeping thro' the moss they love: 10
—How long it seems since Charles was lost!
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight;
And when that peril ceased at night,
The sky broke out in red dismay 15
With signal-fires. Well, there I lay

Close covered o'er in my recess,
Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles's miserable end, 20
And much beside, two days; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize: you know,
With us in Lombardy, they bring 25
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
These I let pass in jingling line, 30
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village, too;
For at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group
To help, I knew. When these had passed, 35
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance: she did not start,
Much less cry out, but stooped apart,
One instant rapidly glanced round,
And saw me beckon from the ground; 40
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
She picked my glove up while she stripped
A branch off, then rejoined the rest
With that; my glove lay in her breast:
Then I drew breath; they disappeared: 45
It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown.

Meanwhile came many thoughts; on me
Rested the hopes of Italy; 50
I had devised a certain tale
Which, when 't was told her, could not fail
Persuade a peasant of its truth;
I meant to call a freak of youth
This hiding, and give hopes of pay, 55
And no temptation to betray.
But when I saw that woman's face,
It's calm simplicity of grace,
Our Italy's own attitude
In which she walked thus far, and stood, 60
Planting each naked foot so firm,
To crush the snake and spare the worm—
At first sight of her eyes, I said,
“I am that man upon whose head
They fix the price, because I hate 65
The Austrians over us; the State
Will give you gold—oh, gold so much!—
If you betray me to their clutch,
And be your death, for aught I know,
If once they find you saved their foe. 70
Now, you must bring me food and drink,
And also paper, pen and ink,
And carry safe what I shall write
To Padua, which you'll reach at night
Before the duomo shuts; go in, 75
And wait till Tenebrae begin;
Walk to the third confessional,
Between the pillar and the wall,
And kneeling whisper, *Whence comes peace?*
Say it a second time, then cease; 80
And if the voice inside returns,

*From Christ and Freedom; what concerns
The cause of Peace?*—for answer, slip
My letter where you placed your lip;
Then come back happy we have done 85
Our mother service—I, the son,
As you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more, she took her stand
In the same place, with the same eyes:
I was no surer of sunrise 90
Than of her coming: we conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard
She had a lover—stout and tall,
She said—then let her eyelids fall,
“He could do much”—as if some doubt 95
Entered her heart,—then, passing out,
“She could not speak for others, who
Had other thoughts; herself she knew”:
And so she brought me drink and food.
After four days, the scouts pursued 100
Another path; at last arrived
The help my Paduan friends contrived
To furnish me: she brought the news.
For the first time I could not choose
But kiss her hand, and lay my own 105
Upon her head—“This faith was shown
To Italy, our mother; she
Uses my hand and blesses thee.”
She followed down to the sea-shore;
I left and never saw her more. 110

How very long since I have thought
Concerning—much less wished for—ought

Beside the good of Italy,
For which I live and mean to die!
I never was in love; and since 115
Charles proved false, what shall now convince
My inmost heart I have a friend?
However, if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself—say, three—
I know at least what one should be. 120
I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood thro' these two hands. And next,
—Nor much for that am I perplexed—
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part, 125
Should die slow of a broken heart
Under his new employers. Last,
—Ah, there, what should I wish? For fast
Do I grow old and out of strength.
If I resolved to seek at length 130
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!
My brothers live in Austria's pay
—Disowned me long ago, men say;
And all my early mates who used 135
To praise me so—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise: while some opine
“Freedom grows license”, some suspect
“Haste breeds delay”, and recollect 140
They always said, such premature
Beginnings never could endure!
So, with a sullen “All's for best”,
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think then, I should wish to stand 145

This evening in that dear, lost land,
 Over the sea the thousand miles,
 And know if yet that woman smiles
 With the calm smile; some little farm
 She lives in there, no doubt: what harm 150
 If I sat on the door-side bench,
 And, while her spindle made a trench
 Fantastically in the dust,
 Inquired of all her fortunes—just
 Her children's ages and their names, 155
 And what may be the husband's aims
 For each of them. I'd talk this out,
 And sit there, for an hour about,
 Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
 Mine on her head, and go my way. 160

So much for idle wishing—how
 It steals the time! To business now.

—Robert Browning (By permission)

PREPARATORY.—What is the historical back-ground of this poem? Suggest the possible details of the exiled patriot's life in England, his surroundings and frame of mind at the moment of speaking.

Reconstruct for yourself the three scenes of which the peasant woman is the centre.

What qualities did the Italian at once recognize in the peasant woman which led him to intrust his safety to her?

79. WHENCE COMES PEACE?
 In what Quality of voice is this read? Give your reason. (Introduction, p. 34.)

95. HE COULD DO MUCH. How is the doubt in this speech and in the one following indicated by the Inflection? (Introduction, p. 18.)

111-112. With what is THOUGHT CONCERNING connected? How?

120-123. I KNOW AT LEAST . . . HANDS. What Quality of voice expresses the feeling here? What succeeding lines have the same Quality? (Introduction, p. 35.) With what is NEXT connected? How?

139-142. FREEDOM GROWS LICENSE . . ENDURE. How is the irony of these lines indicated? (Introduction, pp. 21 and 30.)	How does the mood of the last two lines differ from the preceding? What is the dif- ference in vocal expression?
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ADVANTAGES OF IMPERIAL FEDERATION

From an address delivered in Toronto, January 30th, 1891, under the
auspices of the Imperial Federation League

I now go on to mention another and greater advantage of Imperial Federation than the one which we have just been considering; an advantage too that is so connected with that of improved trade that the two must be considered together. In fact, in my opinion, the first is not likely to be obtained without the second. We cannot expect Britain to concede preferential trade to us, on the ground that we are part of the Empire, unless we are willing to share the responsibilities of the Empire. I say then, secondly, that only by some form of Imperial Federation can the independence of Canada be preserved, with due regard to self-respect.

If this is true, if Imperial Federation can do this, and if it can be done in no other way, then the necessity for Imperial Federation is proved; for national independence is an advantage so great that no price can be named that is too great to give in payment. It is the same with a country as with a man. Independent he must be, or he ceases to be a man. Burns advises his young friend to "gather gear" in every honourable way, and what for?

Not for to hoard it in a dyke,
 Not for a train attendant;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent.

And that which is the supreme dignity of manhood is even more essential in the case of a nation.

What do we mean when we speak of the independence of the country? We mean something beyond price, something that is the indispensable condition of true manhood in any country, something without which a country is poor in the present and a butt for the world's scorn in the future. There are men, or things that look like men, who say that as long as we put money in our purse, nothing else counts. How that class of men must have laughed some centuries ago at a fool called William Wallace! How clearly they could point out that it was much better to be part of the richer country to the south. When they heard of the fate of the patriot, did they not serenely say: "We told you so?" Did they not in their hearts envy the false Menteath the price he got for betraying the man who acted as true sentiment bade? But, give it time, and the judgment of the world is just. Even the blind can now see whether the patriot or the so-called "practical man" did most for Scotland's advantage. Now

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a springtime flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died.

What has his memory been worth to Scotland! Would you estimate it in millions? Superior persons will tell me that Wallace is an anachronism. In form, yes; in spirit, never. It may be said that in the end Scotland did unite with England. Yes, but first, what a curse the union would have been if unaccompanied, as in the case of Ireland, with national self-respect! And, secondly,

Canada is ready for union with the States any day on the same terms as those which Scotland got: (1) That the States accept our Queen or King as their head. (2) That we keep our own civil and criminal law and parliamentary constitution, as Scotland did. (3) That the whole Empire be included in the arrangement, as the whole of Scotland was in the union. Surely the men who are never tired of citing the case of Scotland and England as parallel to ours must admit that this is fair.

But, here comes a question that must be faced. Is it worth while preserving the independence, the unity, and dignity of Canada? There are men who, for one reason or another, doubt whether it is. They have lost faith in the country, or rather they never had any faith to lose. It is this absence of faith that is at the bottom of all their arguments and all their unrest. Now, I do not wonder that there should be men who do not share our faith. Men who were brought up in England, and who have seen and tasted the best of it; who are proud of that "dear, dear land", as Shakespeare called it, proud of its history, its roll of saints, statesmen, heroes; of its cathedrals, colleges, castles; of its present might as well as its ancient renown; and who have then come to live in Canada,—well, they naturally look with amused contempt at our raw, rough ways, our homespun legislators and log colleges, combined with lofty ambitions expressed sometimes—it must be admitted—in bunkum. I do not wonder, either, that men who have been citizens of the United States, who exult in its vast population, its vast wealth, and its boundless energy, should think it madness on our part that we are not knocking untiringly at their door for admission, and that the only explanation of our attitude that they can give is that

we are "swelled heads", or "the rank and file of jingoism." But, after all, they must know that this question is not to be settled by them. It must be settled by genuine Canadians. We, like Cartier, are Canadians *avant tout*. Most of us have been born in the land, have buried our fathers and mothers, and some of us our children, too, in the natal soil, and above the sacred dust we have pledged ourselves to be true to their memories and to the country they loved, and to those principles of honour that are eternal! God helping, we will do so, whether strangers help or hinder! We do not think so meanly of our country that we are willing to sell it for a mess of pottage. I know Canada well, from ocean to ocean; from the rich sea pastures on the Atlantic all the way across to Vancouver and Victoria. Every province and every territory of it, I know well. I know the people, too, a people thoroughly democratic and honest to the core. I would now plainly warn those who think that there is no such thing as Canadian sentiment that they are completely mistaken. They had better not reckon without their host. The silent vote is that which tells, and though it will not talk, it will vote solid all the time for those who represent national sentiment when the national life is threatened. I am not a party man. In my day, I have voted about evenly on both sides, for when I do vote, it is after consideration of the actual issues involved at the time. Both sides therefore rightly consider me unreliable, but, perhaps, both will listen when I point out that the independent vote is increasing, and that it is the only vote worth cultivating. The true Grit or Tory will vote with his party, right or wrong. No time, therefore, need be given to him. Let the wise candidate win the men who believe that the country is

higher than party, and there is, I think, only one thing that these men will not forgive—lack of faith in the country. They have no doubt that it is worth while to preserve the unity, dignity, and independence of Canada.

We are quite sure of this. Are we as sure that it is our duty to pay the price? The United States are paying three or four times our whole revenue in pensions to those who fought to keep the country united. They do not grudge this enormous price. They have besides a respectable army, and a fleet that will soon be formidable. What means do we find it necessary to use? In any trouble we simply call on the Mother Country. The present system is cheap. No! it is dear and nasty, and cannot last.

What should we do? First, let us remember what Britain has dared for us within the last two or three years. Britain would fight the rest of the world rather than the United States,—not because the Republic could hurt her seriously, not because her trade with it is five times as much as with us, but because she is proud of her own eldest child and knows that a war between mother and daughter would be a blow struck at the world's heart. Yet, for us she spoke the decisive word from which there was no drawing back. For us, once and again, because we were in the right, she dared a risk which she hated with her whole soul.

Let us show that we appreciate her attitude. Let us, at any rate, do what Australia has done—enter into a treaty, according to which we shall pay so much a year for a certain number of ships, to be on our own coasts in peace, and in war at the disposal of the Empire. That would be tantamount to saying: “You have shared our risks, we will share yours; we will pay part of the

insurance that is necessary to guarantee peace; we are educating officers for the army, and we are willing to give a much needed addition to the fleet''. That would be a first step toward the attainment of full citizenship. What would be the next? We could ask that our voice should be heard in some constitutional way before any war was decided on. And we would have the right standing ground from which to urge a wise system of preferential trade in the common interest. These three things are, in my opinion, connected, and I have ventured to indicate the order in which they should be taken.

Would it pay? The experience of the world proves that nothing pays in the long run but duty-doing. How can a country grow great men if it is content to be in leading-strings, and to give plausible excuses to show that that state of things is quite satisfactory?

Only by some form of Imperial Federation can the unity of the Empire be preserved.

The previous advantages to which I referred concerned Canada directly. This one may appear, to some persons, far away from us, but it is not. In another speech I may enlarge on this advantage, but suffice it to say now, that we cannot isolate ourselves from humanity. Canada ought to be dearer to us than any other part of the Empire, but none the less we must admit that the Empire is more important to the world than any of its parts, and every true man is a citizen of the world.

I will not speak to-night of what the Empire has done for us in the past, of the rich inheritance into which we have entered, and of the shame that falls on children who value lightly the honour of their family and race. Consider only the present position of affairs. The

European nations are busy watching each other. Britain is detaching herself from them, understanding that she is an oceanic, colonizing, and world power, much more than a European state. The United States and Britain are the two Powers, one in essence, cradled in freedom, that have a great future before them. According to the last census, the first has a population of some fifty-four millions of whites. The census of next April will show that the other has nearly forty millions in the home islands and ten millions in the self-governing Colonies. The two Powers have thus about the same population of white men, and the two are likely to grow at the same rate.

In Britain the rate of increase will be less, but in the Colonies it will be greater than in the States during the next half century. The States will keep united. They have stamped out disunion. We have to prove that we intend to keep the Empire united; but that can be done only by giving the ten millions a gradually increasing share in common privileges and responsibilities. Surely such a work is not beyond the resources of statesmanship. For a long time decentralization was needed. Now, all the signs of the times indicate the necessity to centralize. The days of small powers are over, and modern inventions make communication easy between east and west, as well as between north and south.

If this is not done, what will certainly happen? Separation, first of one part then of another; weakness of each part and weakness all round. Think of the impetus that this would give to every force that makes for chaos among the three hundred millions over whom God in His providence has placed us. The work that the British Empire has in hand is far grander than the

comparatively parochial duties with which the States are content to deal. Its problems are wider and more inspiring; yet, at the same time, the white race that alone, so far, has proved itself fit for self-government, lives by itself, instead of being commingled with a coloured race to which only nominal freedom is allowed. Any one who has lived either in South Africa or in the Southern States will understand what a free hand and what an unspeakable leverage this gives us. We need no Force Bill to ensure a free ballot in Britain, Canada, Australia, or New Zealand. Already our sons are taking their part in introducing civilization into Africa, under the aegis of the flag, and in preserving the *Pax Britannica* among the teeming millions of India and south-eastern Asia, those peoples kindred to ourselves, who for centuries before had been the prey of successive spoilers. Think of the horizon that this opens up, and remember that in building a state we must think not of the present but of the future.

In a generation all the best land on this continent will have been taken up. But, thanks to the far-reaching wisdom of our fathers, the greater part of the world will be open to the trade, to the colonizing, and to the enterprise of our children. We shall not be confined to a frozen north or to a single continent. We shall take part in work that is of world-wide significance, and shall act out our belief that God loves not North America only, but the whole world. Only on conditions of the British Empire standing, can this be done. This is the ideal that we should set before us, and remember that no people has ever been a great or permanent factor in the world that was without high ideals. I know that this advantage to which I am referring is not one that can be

calculated in dollars, any more than the work of a Wallace or the poems of a Shakespeare, the life of Sydney or the death of Gordon; but it is an advantage none the less for which many of us are content to struggle and, if need be, to suffer. What are we in this world for? Surely for something higher than to still the daily craving of appetite. Surely for something higher than to accumulate money, though it should be to the extent of adding million to million. Surely we are in the world for something better! Yes, we are here to think great thoughts, to do great things, to promote great ideals. This can be done only through faithfulness to the best spirit of our fathers. Society is an organism, and must preserve its continuity. It must work, too, through instruments; and the most potent, keenest, best-tried instrument on earth for preserving peace, order, liberty, and righteousness, is the Empire of which we are citizens. Shall we throw away that citizenship, or shall we maintain and strengthen that Empire?

—George Monro Grant (*By permission*)

Apply the principles of Emphasis, Inflection, Grouping, and Perspective in reading this address. Give specific illustrations of each.

COLLECT FOR DOMINION DAY

Father of nations! Help of the feeble hand!

Strength of the strong! to whom the nations kneel!

Stay and destroyer, at whose just command

Earth's kingdoms tremble and her empires reel!

Who dost the low uplift, the small make great, 5

And dost abase the ignorantly proud,

Of our scant people mould a mighty state,

To the strong, stern,—to Thee in meekness bowed!

Father of unity, make this people one!

Weld, interfuse them in the patriot's flame,— 10

Whose forging on Thine anvil was begun

In blood late shed to purge the common shame;

That so our hearts, the fever of faction done,

Banish old feud in our young nation's name.

—Charles G. D. Roberts (By arrangement)

ENGLAND

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise,

This fortress, built by Nature for herself

Against infection and the hand of war,

This happy breed of men, this little world,

This precious stone set in the silver sea.

APPENDIX

A

EXERCISES IN VOWEL SOUNDS AND IN ARTICULATION

1. *ā* as in ate, fate, cave, made, glade, pale.

^ *â* as in air, fair, chair, hair, lair, pair, care, dare, bare, share, bear, fairy, compare, parent, prayer, garish, there, heir.

u *ă* as in at, that, and, damp, glad, bade, castle, baron, barrel.

.. *ä* as in far, arm, hark, charm, march, bard, calm, palm, psalm, balm, half, alms, father, dark, wrath, path, marsh, laugh.

· *â* as in ask, grasp, fast, last, pass, past, branch, chance, dance, mast, vast, gasp, quaff, craft, staff, chant, grass, mass.

.. *a* as in all, talk, squall, dawn, warp, hawk, laurel, haughty, halt.

a obscure, in final medial syllables, unaccented, and closed by *n*, *l*, *nt*, *nee*, *nd*, *s*, *ss*, *st*, *p* or *ph* or *ff*, *m*, or *d*, as in *sylvan*, *vacancy*, *mortal*, *loyal*, *valiant*, *guidance*, *husband*, *breakfast*, *gallant*, *ballad*, etc.

- *ē* as in me, seem, reap, weed, lean, evil, redeem.

u *ě* as in met, end, spell, debt, text, jest, when, merry, America, ceremony.

~ *ē* (coalescent) as in her, fern, earth, mercy, verse, stern, earl, pearl, term, verge, prefer, serge, earn, early.

- *ī* as in time, tide, mile, wine, high, size.

u *ĩ* as in pin, grim, king, gift, this, grip.

~ *ĩ* (coalescent) as in bird, girl, fir, stir, girdle, circle, virgin, first.

- *ō* as in note, old, spoke, pole, wrote, joke.

u *ö* as in not, shot, top, odd, honest, comic, on, gone, off, often, dog, (not "dawg"), God, soft, long, song, strong, coral, orange, foreign, torrid, coronet, corridor, correlate.

- ^ ô as in corn, lord, stork, orb, form, forlorn, morn, short, adorn.
 . o as in word, work, worm, worry.
 • ô as in love, done, some, cover, brother, another, month, company, Monday, front, covet, wonder, sponge, smother.
 .. ö as in do, move, who, whose, lose, prove, too, bosom.
 - ū as in use, pure, duke, tune, tube, blue, duty, flew, new, student, subdue, pursue, absolute, illumine, tumult, suit, during, pursuit, presume, lunacy, Tuesday, numeral.
 u ũ as in us, up, but, drum, dusk, trust.
 .. ū as in rude, brute, fruit, sure, true, construe, recruit.
 . ū as in full, pull, put, push, cushion, bushel, pulpit, bullet.
 ^ û as in hurt, burr, cur, fur, furl, burst, purr, recur, curfew, furlong, surge, urn.

Note that ä in far and á in ask are called long Italian *a* and short Italian *a* respectively. The quality of the sound is the same in each, but they differ in quantity, the latter being shorter.

The following vowels have the same sound:

- ẽ (coalescent) and ã (coalescent);
 ö as in do, ū as in rude, and oo as in food;
 o as in word and û as in hurt;
 ó as in love and ũ as in us.

After marking the vowels diacritically read the following passages, paying special attention to the vowel sounds:

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day.

That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
 Through bars of brass and triple steel.

The guide, abating of his pace,
 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
 And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
 He sought these wilds, traversed by few
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
 The heart outstretches its eager palms.

O listen, ladies, ladies gay!
 No haughty feat of arms I tell;

Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
“ Art thou the King ? ” the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, “ I am, I am the King ! ”

Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.

Around the keel that raced the dolphin and the shark
Only the sand-wren twitters from barren dawn till dark;
And all the long blank noon the blank sand chafes and mars
The prow once swift to follow the lure of the dancing stars.

2. Distinguish the sound of *ū* in use, pure, duke, etc.,
from the sound of *oo* in
food, hoof, mood, rood, roof, soot, aloof,
and from the sound of *oo* in
book, good, nook, hood, rook, look, foot, crook.

Read the following with special reference to these sounds:

Flew flashing under the blinding blue.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.

Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,
The tree's slow life between root and fruit.

. . . helter-skelter through the blue
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue.

While on dreary moorlands lonely curlew pipe.

My Lords, you have that true image of the primitive Church in
its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from
the superstitions and vices which a long succession of
ages will bring upon the best institutions.

3. Double and triple consonant endings present difficulties of articulation:—Robbed, bragged, divulged, mends, breathed, gossips, casques, barracks, depths, heights, lengths, breadths, lists, aspects, seethes, thirsteth, breathest, sheath'st, melt'st, search'st, sixths, twelfths, tests.

Read with special reference to the articulation of the final consonants:

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

Scattering down the snow-flakes off the curdled sky.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked.

The guests are met, the feast is set
May'st hear the merry din.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth
is renewed like the eagle's.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice,
Thou that cool'st the twilight of the sultry day.

He groped toward the door, but it was locked,
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Skilful artists thou employest,
And in chastest beauty joyest,
Forms most delicate, pure, and clear,
Frost-caught star-beams, fallen sheer
In the night, and woven here
In jewel-fretted tapestries.

4. Sound distinctly the ending *ing* in: Languishing, blackening, threatening, rushing, ascending, flashing, throbbing.

Roughening their crests and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail.

Blazing with light and breathing with perfume.

. a revolting shape
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.

Lakelets' lisping wavelets lapping,
 Round a flock of wild ducks napping,
 And the rapturous-noted wooings,
 And the molten-throated cooings
 Of the amorous multitudes
 Flashing through the dusky woods,
 When a veering wind hath blown
 A glare of sudden daylight down.

5. Sound final *d* in "and":

Rest and a guide, and food and fire.

Away from the world, and its toils and its cares.

And the sun went down and the stars came out.

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
 Round thy symbol of light and law.

East and west, and south and north,
 The messengers ride fast,
 And tower, and town, and cottage,
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.

Blood and fire on the streaming decks,
 And fire and blood below;
 The heat of hell, and the reek of hell,
 And the dead men laid a-row!

6. Articulate distinctly words in which the same or similar sounds immediately succeed each other:

Spanish ships of war at sea.

At Flores, in the Azores, Sir Richard Grenville lay.

Come Roderick Dhu,
 And of his clan the boldest two.

Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare.

Cast off earth's sorrows and know what I know,
 When into the glad deep woods I go.

The silver vessels sparkle clean.

From the sails the dew did drip.

The sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Thousands of their seamen looked down from their decks and
 laughed.

7. Sound the letter *h* in what, while, where, when, which, whether, white, whiten, whine, whist, etc.

8. Avoid the sound of *u* in:

for, from, was, because, when, what, etc.

for coalescent *e* in:

her, earn, verse, mercy, verge, serge, prefer, ermine, etc.

for *ě* in:

enemy, events, poem, etc.

for *ĩ* in:

spirit, family, credible, visible, charity, unity, sanity, humanity, ruin, promise, divide, divisible, dissolve, languid, negative, similar, abominable, imitate, inimitable, purity, native, etc.

for *i* (coalescent) in:

sir, bird, girl, first, virgin, etc.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!

A wind from the lands they had ruin'd.

Who was her father?

Alas! for the rarity

Who was her mother?

Of Christian charity

Had she a sister?

Under the sun!

Had she a brother?

Oh! it was pitiful!

Or was there a dearer one

Near a whole city full

Still, and a nearer one

Home she had none.

Yet, than all other?

9. Avoid the sound of *ch* for *t* in: fortune, fortunate, future, futurity, nature, natural, picture, feature, etc.

King Robert's self in features, form, and height.

For this man so vile and bent of stature

Rasped harshly against his dainty nature.

One more unfortunate

Weary of breath,

Rashly importunate

Gone to her death.

B

PHYSICAL EXERCISES

(These exercises form a course by themselves and should not be introduced into the regular reading lesson.)

BREATHING.—The proper management of the breath is of the greatest importance in speaking and reading. Inhalation and exhalation should be gradual and natural, not spasmodic. The reader should never allow his supply of breath to be wholly exhausted, but should replenish it at regular intervals. Inhalation should be through the nostrils, not the mouth. This prevents gasping, and promotes and preserves a healthy condition of the vocal organs. It is not necessary to keep the mouth closed in order that the breath be inhaled through the nostrils. Inhalation may be effected when the mouth is open by allowing the tip of the tongue to touch the upper palate. All breathing exercises should be deep, commencing with the abdomen, and should expand the chest to the fullest capacity.

Exercise I. Stand erect in a well ventilated room. Inhale slowly from the abdomen while counting five, hold the breath while counting five, and exhale while counting five.

Repeat this exercise, gradually increasing the count by one until the maximum of ten or fifteen is reached.

Exercise II. Practise the preceding exercise in the open air while walking, taking five steps while inhaling, holding the breath, and exhaling respectively. The count may be increased as in the preceding.

Exercise III. Stand erect, arms akimbo, fingers pressing the abdominal muscles in front, thumbs on the dorsal muscles on each side of the spine. Rise slowly on the toes while inhaling, hold the breath while standing on tiptoe, and exhale while gradually resuming the original position. In each case regulate the count as in the preceding exercises.

Exercise IV. Stand erect, arms hanging loosely at the sides. Inhale slowly, rising on the toes, clenching the fists with gradually increased intensity, and raising them to the arm-pits. Expel the breath suddenly, dropping back to the original position.

CHEST AND LUNGS.—Gymnastic exercises, such as develop the chest and lungs, are of great importance, since they regulate the breathing capacity.

Exercise I. Stand erect, arms hanging loosely at the sides. Raise the arms slowly to the vertical position over the head, making the hands meet with palms outward, the thumb of the left hand over the right, rising on the toes at the same time; then let the arms fall apart slowly to their original position, while coming down on the heels.

Exercise II. Stand erect as in the preceding. Bring the arms slowly forward until the hands meet on a level with the mouth, bending forward slightly and rising on the toes; then throw back the arms in a circular movement, allowing them to fall to their original position, coming down on the heels at the same time.

Exercise III. Raise the hands above the head; bring down the elbows to the sides; shoot out the hands in front; bring in the elbows to the sides; shoot down the hands toward the floor; bring up the elbows to the sides. Repeat. This exercise may be practised with hands clenched.

THROAT AND NECK.—Exercises of the throat and neck develop and keep flexible the vocal cords, which are of prime importance in producing pure tones.

Exercise I. Stand erect. Look at the ceiling; allow the head to drop backward as far as possible; then bring the head slowly forward until the chin rests on the chest. Repeat.

Exercise II. Stand erect. Twist the head slowly to the left, without moving the shoulders, until the chin is parallel to the left shoulder; then slowly twist the head to the right, without moving the shoulders, until the chin is parallel to the right shoulder. Repeat.

Exercise III. Press the head to the left until the left ear rests almost on the left shoulder, raising the right arm above the head at the same time. Practise this exercise, pressing the head to the right and raising the left arm. Repeat.

MOUTH.—To produce the finest tones of the voice, three conditions of the mouth are necessary:

- (1) The mouth must be well opened.
- (2) The vocal aperture must be large.
- (3) The jaws must be flexible.

If the mouth is well opened the tones are full; if partially closed they are muffled. The vocal aperture is the opening in the rear of the mouth produced by the elevation of the uvula, and

the depression of the root of the tongue and the larynx. The purity and richness of the voice depend, to a great extent, upon the capacity of the vocal aperture. If it is of small capacity, or contracted, the tones are impure and nasal.

The mode of producing pure tones can be studied best before a mirror placed so that the light falls upon the back part of the mouth.

Exercise I. Open the mouth to the fullest extent and close rapidly. Repeat.

Exercise II. Open the mouth to the fullest extent, so that the uvula rises and almost disappears, and the root of the tongue and larynx are depressed. The action is similar to yawning, and to accomplish it "think a yawn", if necessary.

C

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